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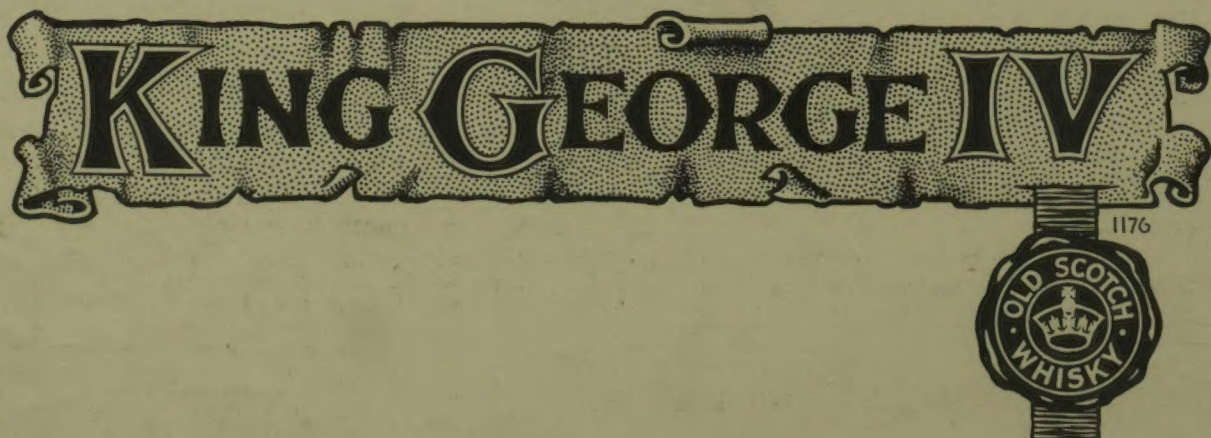
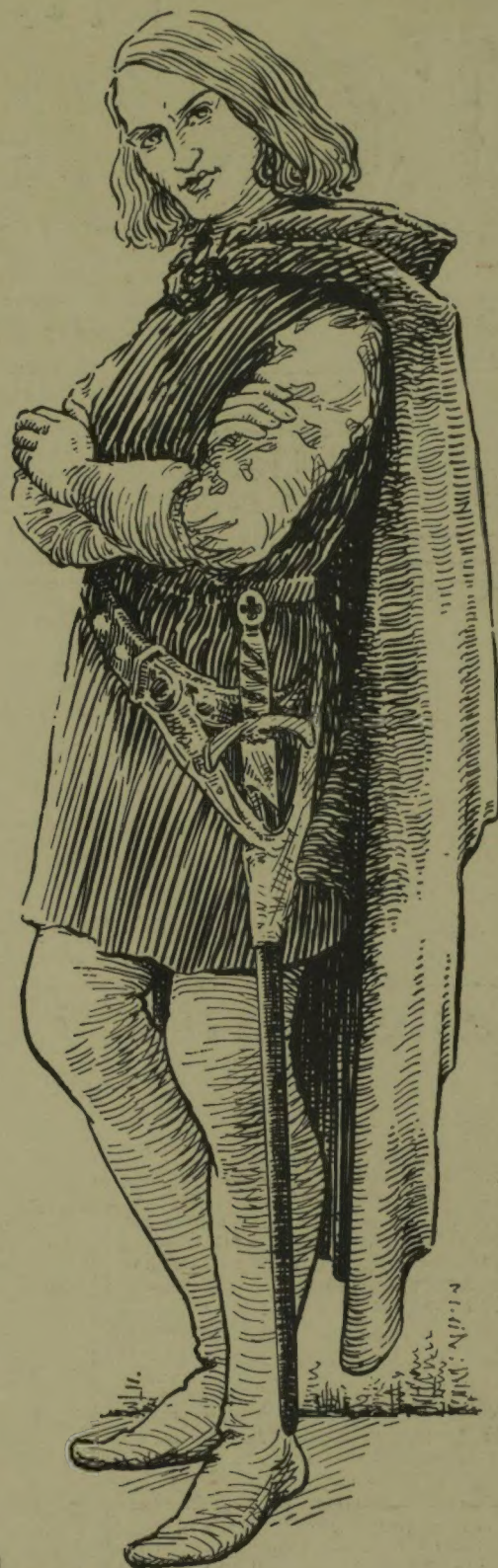
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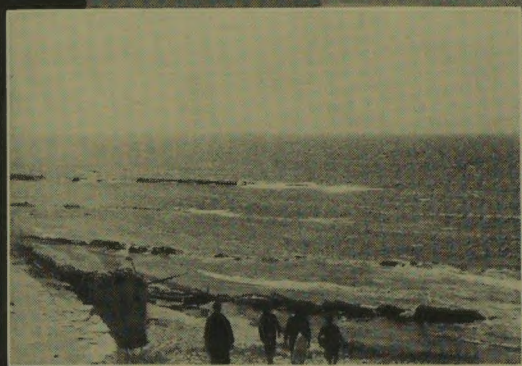
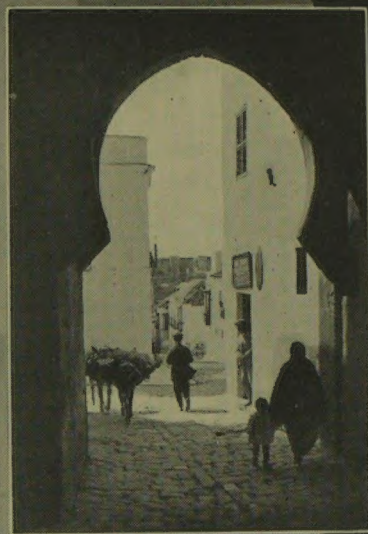
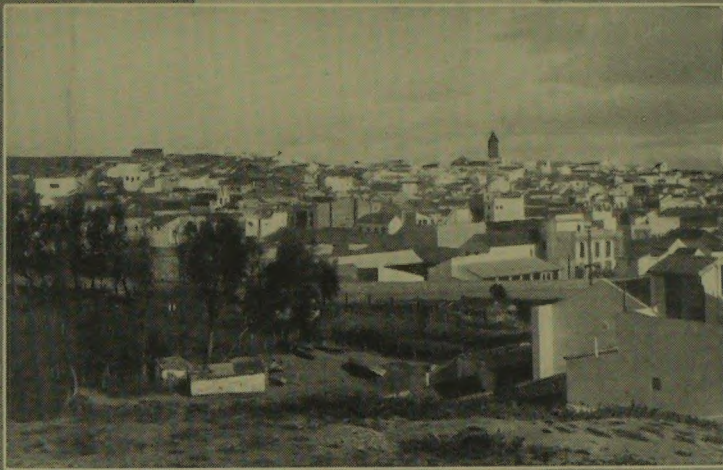
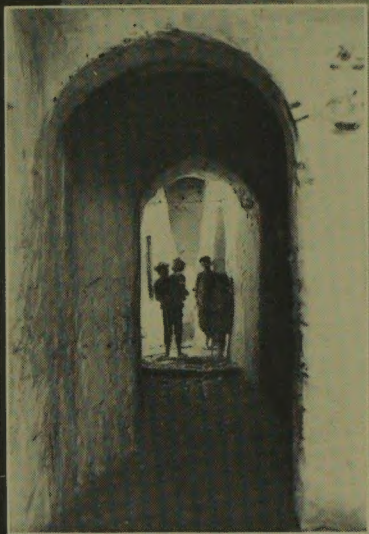
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the choice of a
fine old 'Scotch',
he would never
have exclaimed
'To be or not
to be?'

When it's a question
of good whisky
it's sure 'to be'—





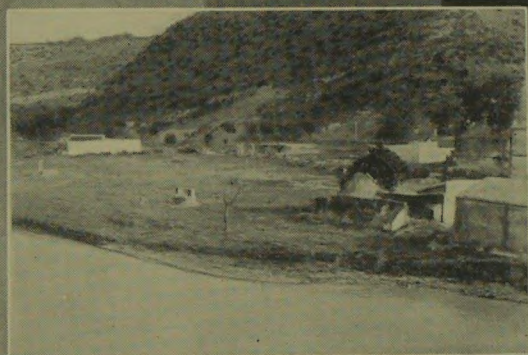
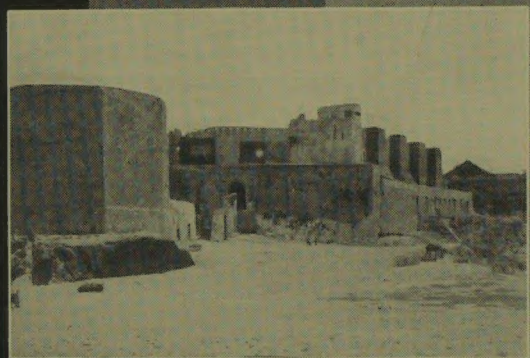
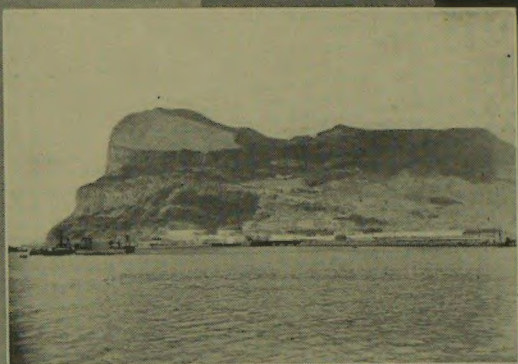
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1932.



A PARACHUTIST FALLING HEAD-FIRST—TO A SAFE LANDING: THE PILOT CHUTE OPEN AND DRAWING THE MAIN CHUTE AWAY FROM THE AIRMAN BEFORE IT BALLOONS.

In connection with this very unusual illustration, that well-known firm, Irving Air Chute of Great Britain, has been good enough to supply us with the following details: "This unique aerial photograph of an Irvin Air Chute in process of opening was obtained over Melbourne Aerodrome. In particular, it is an excellent record of the action of the small auxiliary chute, called the pilot chute, which is seen drawing the large chute right away from the airman before it balloons, thus preventing any danger of entanglement. The

parachutist was Lieut. J. Reece. A parachute without the pilot chute attached may open just as quickly as one fitted with it, but it is inclined to balloon closer to the airman, and, as he somersaults freely before the parachute opens fully and steadies him, the value of the pilot chute is obvious. It may be added that the Irvin Air Chute has been standard equipment in the Royal Air Force and in the American Air Service for a considerable number of years. The inventor himself has made no fewer than a hundred jumps with it."

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "ARGUS," MELBOURNE.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A SUNDAY paper recently stated that "the most bitter Temperance campaign in the history of Great Britain" had already begun. The paper, having a sane spot somewhere, is opposed to the movement; and some of the features it describes read rather like the creations of satire. But you never know, with modern movements. I rather doubt, however, whether any of us would ever have known that this movement had begun, but for this advertisement given it by one of its opponents. There is a list of the names of its supporters, set out as if they were really important, and serving chiefly to show how few important people there are. There are a few noblemen, a millionaire or two, and two or three professional politicians. There are only two names of men who can demand special respect; the names of Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Murray, whatever else he is, is certainly a man of taste; if we pass over his lamentable lack of a taste in beer. Mr. Shaw, whatever else he is, is certainly a person of humour; though he has managed to remain utterly unhumorous and solemn about the two or three stale Tolstoyan fads that he picked up in the remote Victorian Age. And I should very much like to know exactly the impression produced on Mr. Gilbert Murray's taste and Mr. Bernard Shaw's humour by the further announcement that, in the procession which they lead, "A Temperance Queen will be crowned, chosen from all the schoolgirls of Britain."

I fear I see no prospect of reconciling this last item with the good taste of Professor Murray, or the good taste of anybody else. But it certainly seems to offer a vista of wild and humorous comment to the comic genius of Mr. Bernard Shaw. How, exactly, is a "Temperance" Queen chosen from among all our schoolgirls? It is not enough to answer, in a simple and straightforward way, that she will be the least intoxicated of all our schoolgirls. It cannot really be settled by going steadily through all our schoolgirls, and sorting out those whose condition approximates to sobriety; and from these, again, selecting the exceptional case of the one schoolgirl who is almost entirely sober. This scheme is founded, I fear, on too convivial a vision of the daily life in girls' schools, even to-day. Then, again, the deeper and yet more delicate question arises — what are schoolgirls taught at school? Not drinking, I suppose, in the sense of chronic alcoholism; not, I mean, as one of the regular subjects. Not, it is to be hoped, one particular savage and fanatical taboo, invented (but not observed) by wild Arabs in the desert in the Dark Ages, and copied in America to make fortunes for bootleggers. That abnormality is quite as abnormal as alcoholism; and in America produces nothing at all except alcoholism. What then, we darkly repeat, do schoolgirls really learn at school? What, especially, does the English schoolgirl learn at the English school? Is it faintly possible, for instance, that she learns the English language? If she does, she will certainly refuse to

use the word Temperance except as meaning something that is the flat contrary of Total Abstinence.

That point is a mere plain fact of logic and grammar; and no teetotaler has ever attempted to answer it. Even if anybody is really so insane as to think claret as horrible as cannibalism, he will still be misusing words in saying he is temperate about claret. I do not say I am temperate about cannibalism. Even if a man is such a fool as to class port with prussic acid, he will still be more of a fool if he calls his attitude Temperance. I do not go about advising people to be temperate with prussic acid. Abstainers are perfectly entitled to abstain from what they like; but they must most

I say that this is without any question whatever the more noble ideal of the two; it is nobler because it is what Goethe called "a culture-conquest." It is nobler, just as it is nobler to have made a friend of the dog than to be engaged in the dreary and debasing occupation of killing all the dogs in the world. It is nobler, just as it is nobler to have made fire a servant, for cooking meals or forging metals, than to be still in the state of some tribe of Troglodytes who were merely afraid of fire, and could only regard it as an enemy. Exactly as those Troglodytes would regard fire, these Total Abstainers regard what they call fire-water. They have not found its place; they have not fixed its measure; they have not digested it into their

civilisation; because, like the Troglodytes, they are not sufficiently civilised. They are entitled to plead, and they do plead, that in the diseased parts of industrialised society, especially of industrialised society in its decay, a large number of people really are rather like savages; and unlimited bad gin is almost as bad for them as it is for the recognised savages of the Congo or the Cameroons.

But it is a mere blank blunder of fact to suppose that our civilisation, as a whole, has failed to find a sane and a safe place for fermented liquor. It is utterly false to say that men have not learnt to be reasonable with drinks, as they have learnt to be companionable with dogs; or that we have not tamed the fire-water as we have tamed the fire. Over by far the greater part of Christendom, over all the oldest and most central civilisation of Christendom, gross excess is even now the exception rather than the rule. For instance, it is a proverb, as it is also a problem, that all Europe has hung divided, and still hangs divided, between the two more or less hostile influences of France and Germany, and the two great cultures that watch each other across the Rhine. One of the few things which do really unite the French and the Germans, one of the few things in which the French culture and the German culture is really at one, is that both are famous for the abundance, for the excellence, and for the relative harmlessness of their forms of fermented drink. The normal Frenchman drinks light wines, and the normal German drinks light beers; and numberless normal travellers and tourists are alive to attest that the general social impression is innocent and pleasing. That is what Goethe called a

culture-conquest. So it seems that the Temperance Queen will have to be a finer, rarer, and more subtle sort of schoolgirl after all; a beautiful being more beautifully balanced and having her harmony within. But, anyhow, men like Professor Murray and Mr. Shaw ought to have nothing to do with the vulgarity actually proposed; nor with the plutocratic sophistry behind it. If there were nothing else, they ought to know, as social critics, that the real diseases of industrialism did not begin with a glass of beer.



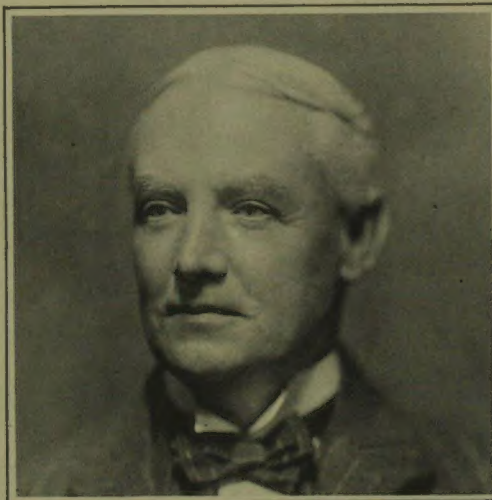
VISCOUNT SNOWDEN, LORD PRIVY SEAL
(NATIONAL LABOUR).



SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, HOME SECRETARY
(LIBERAL).



SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, SECRETARY FOR
SCOTLAND (LIBERAL).



SIR DONALD MACLEAN, MINISTER OF EDUCATION
(LIBERAL).

THE TARIFF QUESTION: THE FOUR MINISTERS WHO FORM A MINORITY IN THE CABINET.

It was officially announced on January 22 that the Cabinet had found it impossible to reach a unanimous conclusion on the recommendations of the Committee on the Balance of Trade. In view, however, of the importance of maintaining national unity, and of the fact that the Cabinet is united on all other matters of policy, it was decided that the Ministers who are in the minority on the subject of import duties should be allowed to express their views by speech and vote. The four Ministers who were unable to accept the Committee's recommendations, as going too far in the direction of Protection, are Lord Snowden, Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Donald Maclean, and Sir Archibald Sinclair.

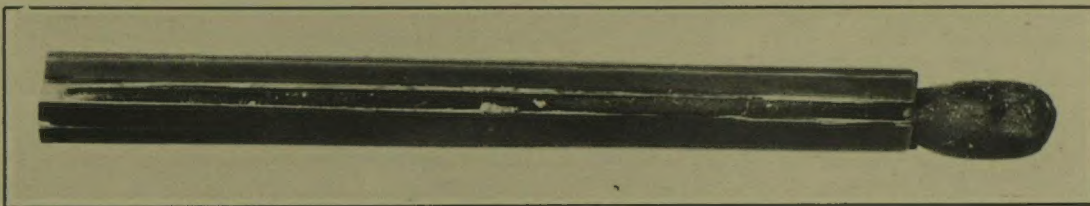
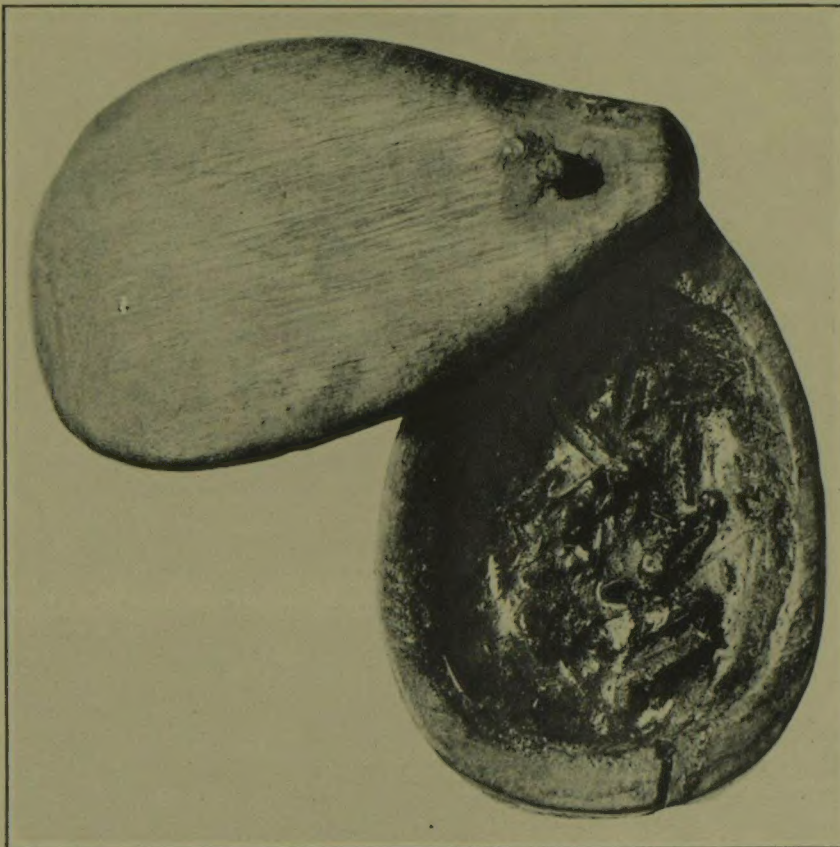
certainly abstain entirely from the use of the word Temperance. For the word Temperance is a part of the noble English language, which grew up out of the Christian religion and the common morality of European civilisation. And the word Temperance, by its very existence, testifies to an infinitely higher, finer, more dignified and delicate ideal than any ideal of mere abstinence; that is, of mere negation. The very existence of the word testifies to the faith of our fathers that the gifts of God could and should be used in a certain recognised measure and moderation.

INSECT-LIT LAMPS—FOR ENTERPRISING BURGLARS AND GAY DANCERS!

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "NATURE MAGAZINE" (PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN NATURE ASSOCIATION); WITH EXTRACTS FROM AN ARTICLE BY LOUIS E. REICHARD.

IT was Parson Evans, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," who suggested that "twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be," and his idea—that of an unconscious inventor—of making use of insect illumination has been practically adapted in various parts of the world: witness our illustrations. In an early account of tropical America a historian speaks of a great beetle, "somewhat smaller than a sparrow, having two stars close by its eyes and two more under its wings." This large beetle's lighting plant furnished such good light that the natives were able to spin, weave, write and paint by it. The Spaniards, when they wished to hunt at night, fastened beetles to their thumbs and big toes. Used in this way the insects served the double purpose of making light and luring little rabbits that were attracted by the light. Fireflies that were not large enough to be tied to thumbs or great toes have been used extensively in a great many countries. Naturally enough, because they were used in such numbers, it was necessary to provide means to confine them. Novel methods for accomplishing this were devised. In the West Indies they use a lantern, a sort of three-storey tenement, made with gratings of small rods. A somewhat simpler house of detention, prison, or lantern, as the case may be, is a common gourd with a number of perforations and a crude door. An ingenious contrivance that serves both as a flashlight and a place of confinement for fireflies is used by the people of Java. It is a shallow wooden dish on the bottom of which there is pitch. Fireflies are made captives by sticking them on this material. A lid that is pivoted on one end permits of ready opening and closing. An additional supply

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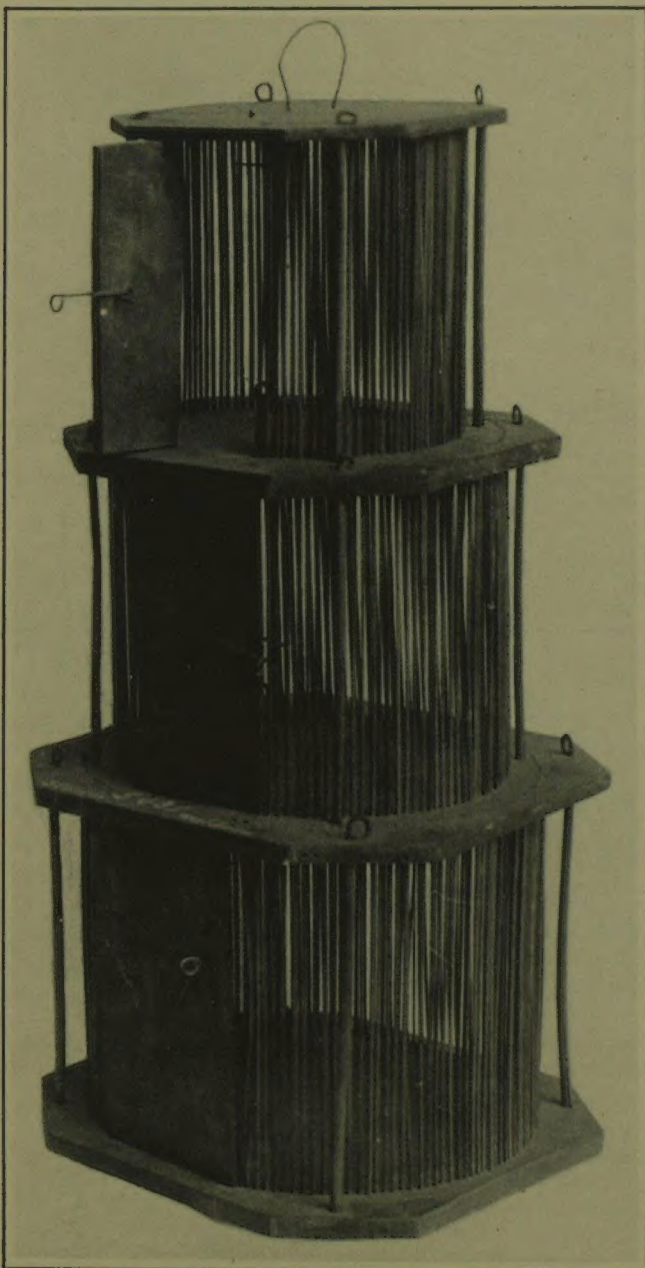
A JAVANESE INSECT-LIT FLASH-LIGHT—OR BURGLAR'S LANTERN! A SHALLOW, RUDE-SHUTTERED DISH IN WHICH THE INSECTS ARE STUCK BY PITCH; AND (BELOW) THE HOLLOW CANE FOR CARRYING "REFILLS" OF LIVING INSECTS.

are a part of the entertainment offered. Sometimes they are kept in cages; at other times they are released in great numbers in the presence of guests. Catching fireflies is a sport in Japan. Little girls pursue them with their fans, whereas boys try to capture them with wands to which a wisp of yarn is fastened. While engaged in this sport they sing old folk-songs. Even the grown-ups organise parties that visit certain spots where they watch countless fireflies swarm—a beautiful spectacle. Because of the great demand for fireflies, the Japanese actually make it a business as well as a sport to catch the insects. There are a number of firms in that country that even employ men as firefly-catchers. The work of these men begins about sunset. Their equipment consists of a bamboo pole, a bag of mosquito netting, and an apron. On reaching a suitable grove of willows near water, the skilful hunter strikes the branches of a tree with his long pole. When the insects fall to the ground, he gathers them up quickly. In order to save time and get them before they recover sufficiently to fly away, he tosses them lightly into his apron, where he holds them unharmed until there are so many that a transfer to the mosquito bag is necessary.

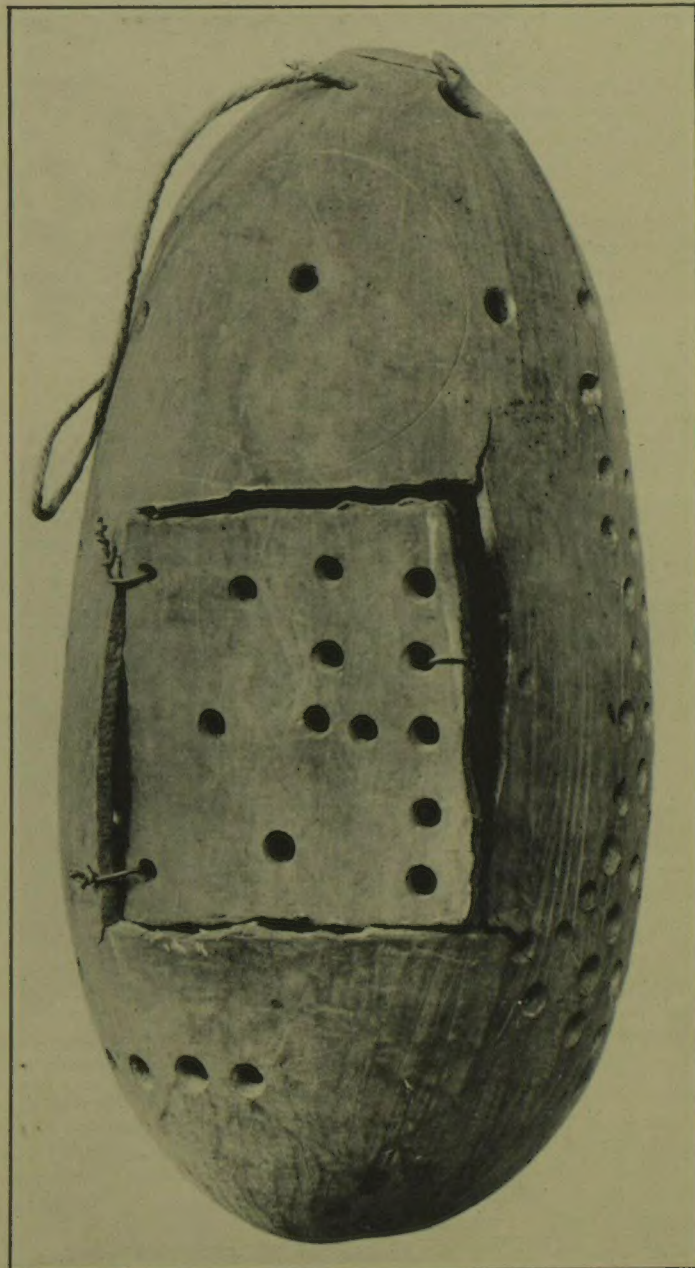
of "batteries" to be used in case of emergency is carried in a cane tube. The story runs that this unique contraption is a burglar's dark-lantern, and has been so used. Years ago the Smithsonian Institution at Washington received from Chinameca, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, a light-emitting beetle that was described by the donor as a bug with two round spots on its back that gave a sufficiently powerful light to enable a person to distinguish objects in a dark room, and to read small print at a distance of six inches. This strange insect served not only as a sort of public utility, but it played an important rôle on festive occasions. The native women, when they engaged in the fandango, their national dance, which they had twice a week throughout the year, fastened the shining captives in their hair and headdress. Sometimes they made garlands of them. Dressed gaily, and resplendent in their jewellery, which appeared to advantage in the beautiful bluish-white light emitted by the beetles, these women, so the historian says, could readily be mistaken for fairies. Beetles were used by the Indians of Mexico. Just a few were ample to light a whole room. At night the insects played the part of "foot-lights," for it was the practice to wear one on each foot. This enabled the wearer to find his way in the darkness and also to avoid snakes. The Indians caught and sold the beetles for a few cents a dozen to Mexican ladies who, with pardonable vanity, put them

into transparent bags and wore them in their hair and at their necks. In Japan social festivities are not complete unless fireflies are in evidence. Whether one attends a private garden party given by a nobleman or goes to an ordinary tea-garden, one finds that fireflies

(Continued below.)



A LAMP SUGGESTING A PETER-PANNISH HOME FOR GLOW-WORMS: A THREE-STOREYED WEST INDIAN LANTERN WHOSE LIGHT IS SUPPLIED BY LIVING FIREFLIES.



ANOTHER PIXIE LANTERN OF THE WEST INDIES: A HOLLOW GOURD, PIERCED TO ALLOW THE LIGHT OF THE FIREFLIES TO SHINE OUT; AND WITH A DOOR FOR THE ADMISSION OF THE INSECTS.

A MENACING SOVIET INDUSTRY: TIMBER-FELLING IN RUSSIA—BY MOTOR SAWS.



THE TRADITIONAL TOOL OF THE TREE-FELLER: A WORKER WITH AN AXE—THE OLD-FASHIONED IMPLEMENT OF THE WOODMAN, WHICH IS GIVING PLACE IN RUSSIA TO THE SPRING SAW AND THE MOTOR SAW.

A SPRING SAW IN ACTION: A ONE-MAN IMPLEMENT WHOSE BLADE IS DRAWN BACK BY MEANS OF A SPRING AFTER IT HAS BEEN PULLED FORWARD BY THE WOODMAN.



MECHANISATION INVADING THE FORESTS OF THE SOVIET: FELLING TREES IN SIBERIA BY MEANS OF A MOTOR-DRIVEN SAW, WHICH VASTLY INCREASES THE SPEED OF WORK AND EFFECTS A BIG SAVING OF LABOUR.



AT THE MOMENT OF FALLING: A TREE FELLED BY MEANS OF A MOTOR SAW—SO CLOSE TO THE GROUND THAT IT WILL NEVER GROW AGAIN.

The report that a group of British timber importers is negotiating for the purchase of a very large supply of Russian timber in 1932 was followed by representations by the British Columbia timber industry, and has drawn attention once again to a subject which created great public interest last winter. Although, at the time of writing, no official announcement has been made by the Government or by the timber importers in question—the Central Softwood Buying Corporation, Ltd.—it may be taken that that Corporation (to quote the "Times") "is discussing a contract with the Soviet authorities for the purchase of between 400,000 and 500,000 standards of Russian timber, at a price with which it is impossible for free labour to compete, and it has been claimed that the contract, if concluded,



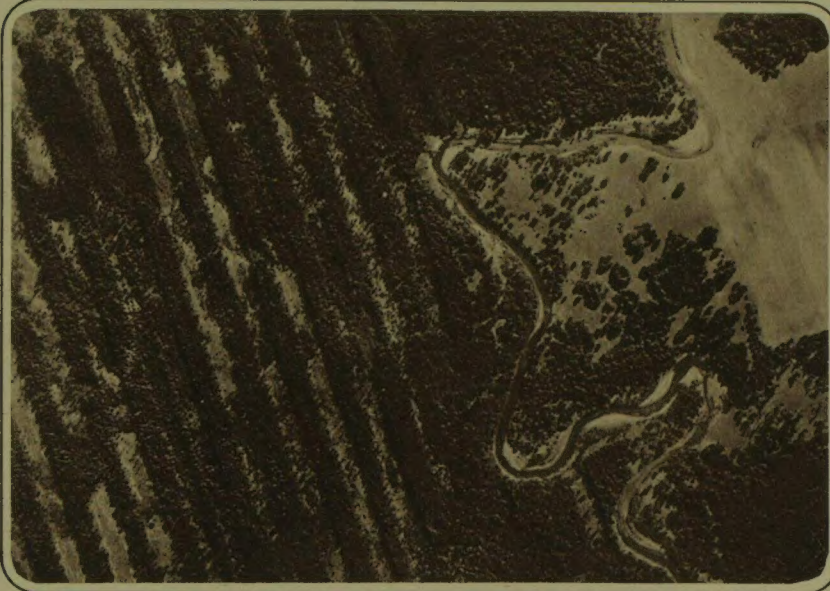
A TREE-TRUNK PRACTICALLY SAWN THROUGH BY A MODERN MOTOR SAW: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ENGINE AND A SECTION OF THE SAW-BLADE (RIGHT).

will practically ruin the timber industry in Scandinavia, and will inflict a serious setback on the growing trade in Western Canada." There is no necessity to emphasise here the disastrous results which the Soviet policy of selling vast quantities of timber at a very low price must have upon its competitors—countries within the British Empire, and others—for such results follow inevitably from Soviet dumping; it is superfluous to deprecate the action of any British importers who seek to arrange big contracts with Russia—action which only serves to forward the Soviet policy; but it is as well to lay stress on the motives of the Soviet Government when it prepares for extensive timber exports. Abundant evidence is at hand to show that, while large quantities of timber are being

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "U.S.S.R. IN CONSTRUCTION."

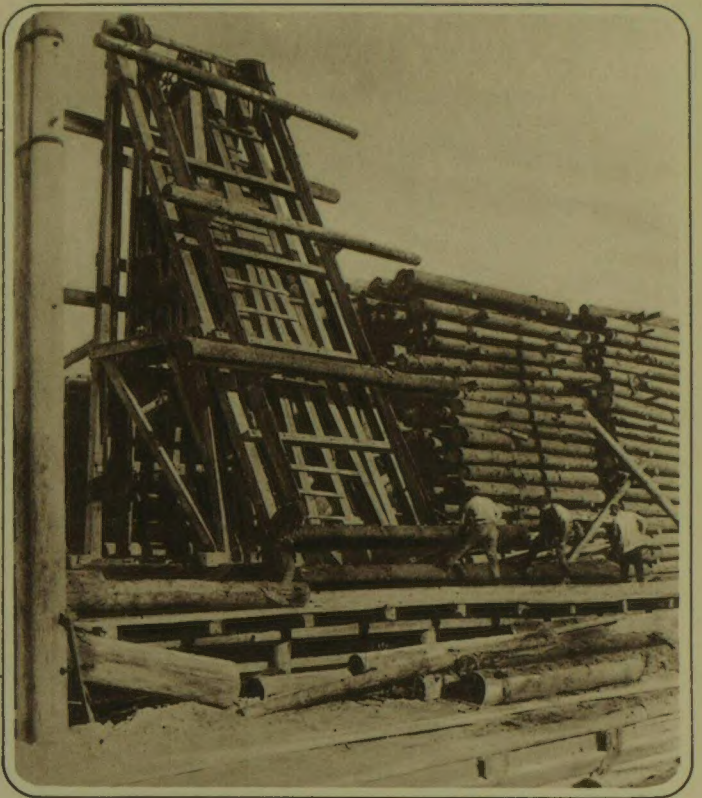
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RUSSIAN TIMBER: THE RAW MATERIAL OF A TRADE THAT IS MENACING AN EMPIRE INDUSTRY.



REAFFORESTATION IN RUSSIA: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE TREES PLANTED IN STRAIGHT LINES—A METHOD IN USE IN THE CONIFER FORESTS, WHERE THE TREES, ONCE FELLED, NEVER GROW AGAIN.

A MACHINE WHICH DRAGS THE LUMBER OUT OF THE RIVER AT THE RATE OF 150 LOGS AN HOUR: A MODERN METHOD IN RUSSIA, WHERE OUTPUT HAS INCREASED VASTLY UNDER THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN.



A SOLID RIVER OF TIMBER: LOGS, BOUND TOGETHER, FLOATING DOWN THE WHITE RIVER, A TRIBUTARY OF THE GREAT ANGARA RIVER, WHICH FLOWS OUT OF LAKE BAIKAL IN CENTRAL SIBERIA—A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE COUNTRY'S BOUNDLESS RESOURCES.



WORKERS CATCHING THE TIMBER: THE END OF THE LOGS' JOURNEY DOWN A SIBERIAN RIVER, WHEN THEY ARE CAUGHT IN SPECIAL DYKES AND DRAGGED, SOMETIMES BY MECHANICAL MEANS, OUT OF THE WATER.

Continued.

exported or planned for export from Russia, there is a serious deficit of that very commodity in Russia itself. In the "Times" of January 21 there appeared a letter from Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, the President of the Anglo-Russian Economic Society, in which he said: "There is almost a famine of timber in Russia. Russian workers, according to Soviet newspapers, are still herded in barracks under filthy and appalling conditions, simply because there is not enough timber to build the so-called standard houses." On the same page of the "Times" there appeared an article from a correspondent in Moscow, who said: "The visitor gets the notion that, with the possible exception of parts of China, the

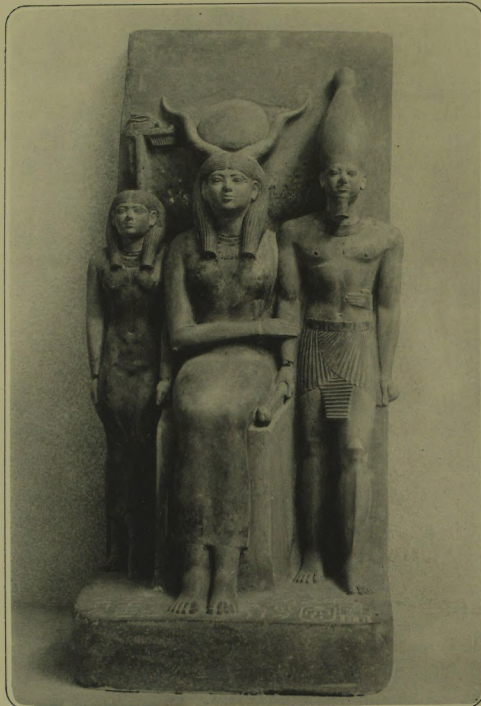


LOGS, UNFASTENED, FLOATING FREELY DOWN A SWIFT TORRENT IN THE SPRING: A SCENE IN KARELIA, WHICH PROVIDES A CONTRAST TO THE SEDATE MOVEMENT OF THE TIMBER IN THE VIEW ABOVE.

living and housing conditions for workers in the Soviet Union are the worst in the world. Stalin could scarcely be expected to go so far, but he does say that these conditions are in serious need of improvement." Russian timber exports are not, therefore, determined by a surplus in the country of origin; their object is to inflict economic injury on capitalist countries, or, at least, to secure ready cash at any cost. To quote Lord Hardinge again: "It is now well known that the rulers of Soviet Russia are deliberately depriving their own people of the absolute necessities of life in order to dislocate world markets." Our photographs show certain stages in the preparation of Russian timber for export.

MYCERINUS, BUILDER OF THE THIRD PYRAMID: REVELATORY

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS OF "MYCERINUS," BY GEORGE A. REISNER—HUMPHREY MILFORD (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS), AMEN HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, AND THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS. (SEE NOTES BELOW.)

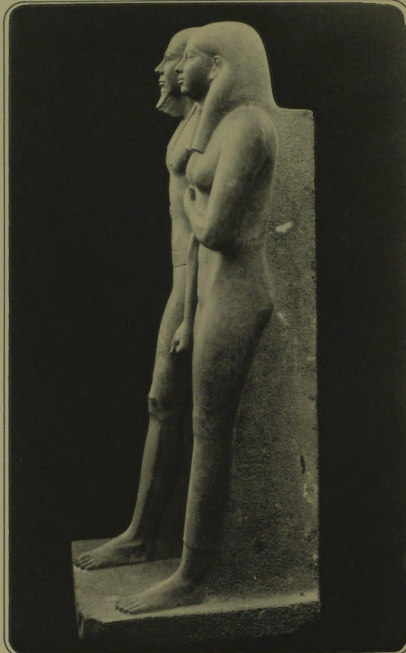


1. MYCERINUS, SON OF CHEPHREN, BUILDER OF THE SPHINX, AND HIMSELF BUILDER OF THE THIRD PYRAMID; HATHOR; AND THE HARE-NOME: ONE OF FOUR SLATE TRIADS FOUND IN A CORRIDOR OF THE VALLEY TEMPLE—NOW IN BOSTON. (SEE ILLUSTRATION 6.)



6. SLATE TRIADS, EACH WITH MYCERINUS, THE GODDESS HATHOR AND A NOME-FIGURE—IN THE FOREGROUND THAT SEEN IN ILLUSTRATION 1: LOOKING DOWN INTO THE EXCAVATED CORRIDOR OF THE VALLEY TEMPLE.

Dr. George A. Reisner, Curator of Egyptian Art, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A., Professor of Egyptology at Harvard University, whose archaeological labours in Egypt have long been world-famous, has recently completed the first volume in the planned series of definitive reports on the excavations made at Giza by the Harvard University and Boston Museum of Fine Arts Expedition under his direction. The result is a splendid record, finely printed and excellently illustrated, which is published in this country by Humphrey Milford at seven guineas, and in the United States by the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, at thirty-five dollars, and is entitled "Mycerinus: The Temple of the Third Pyramid at Giza." In common with all who are interested in such matters, our readers on both sides of the Atlantic will be glad to be made aware of the work; for from time to time we have dealt with certain phases of the Expedition's



2. A SLATE PAIR STATUE OF MYCERINUS AND HIS QUEEN, KHAMERERNEBTY II.: A WORK FOUND IN A PLUNDERER'S EXCAVATION BENEATH THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY TEMPLE—NOW IN BOSTON. (SEE ILLUSTRATION 7.)



7. THE SLATE PAIR OF MYCERINUS AND QUEEN KHAMERERNEBTY II. FULLY EXPOSED TO VIEW IN THE PLUNDERER'S EXCAVATION. (SEE ILLUSTRATION 2.)

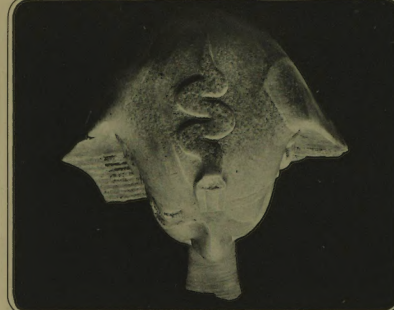
remarkably fruitful enterprise: indeed, we did so as far back as January 1912. They should be informed also that the book covers the excavation of the Pyramid Temple against the east face of the Pyramid; the Valley Temple, built about 3000 B.C., which lay beneath the desert's surface at the lower end of a 600-metre causeway which connected it with the Pyramid Temple; and the temples belonging to the three small Queen's Tombs south of the Third Pyramid. Some slight idea of the treasures described and pictured can be obtained from our reproductions. It remains but to add a few extracts from material courteously supplied to us by Mr. Dows Dunham, the Assistant Curator of Egyptian Art, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. "Of special interest to the general public are the finds of royal sculpture of the Fourth Dynasty, the discovery of which has made it necessary to revise the history of Egyptian art during its great creative period. One of the principal treasures which has come to Boston from the Mycerinus Temples is the slate pair statue of Mycerinus and Queen Khamerernebt II. which was found in a plunderer's excavation beneath the floor of the Valley Temple. (Illustrations Nos. 2 and 7.) The group was placed unfinished in the Temple, and



9. SILVER CYLINDER SEAL OF CHEPHREN. SCRIBE OF THE ARCHIVES—FOUND IN MYCERINUS' AND

SCULPTURES OF THE PHARAOH AND QUEEN KHAMERERNEBTY.

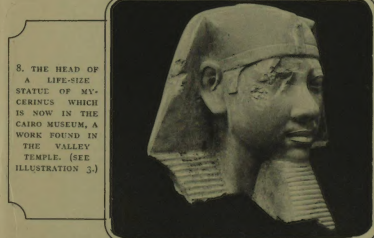
(PAGES), AMEN HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, AND THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS. (SEE NOTES BELOW.)



3. DETAIL OF THE HEAD OF A LIFE-SIZE ALABASTER STATUE OF MYCERINUS WHICH IS IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM: THE ROYAL URAEUS ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD-DRESS. (SEE ILLUSTRATION 8.)



4. DETAIL OF ANOTHER ALABASTER HEAD OF MYCERINUS WHICH IS IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM: THE HEAD-DRESS ARRANGED IN TRIPLE PLAITS, AS IN THE GREAT SPHINX; AND THE URAEUS.



8. THE HEAD OF A LIFE-SIZE STATUE OF MYCERINUS WHICH IS NOW IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM, A WORK FOUND IN THE VALLEY TEMPLE. (SEE ILLUSTRATION 3.)



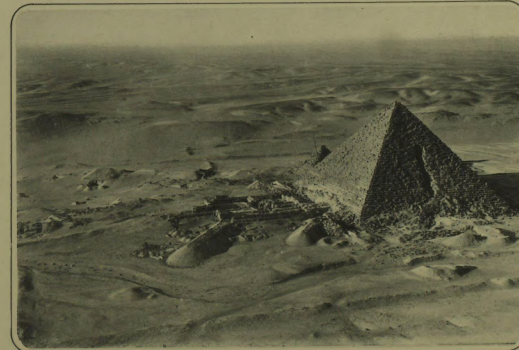
WITH HIS TITLE AND THE TITLE OF A THE VALLEY TEMPLE OF HIS SON. NOW IN BOSTON.

and with an offering formula recited by the Neme-figure." The group with the Hare-nome is in Boston; the other three are in Cairo. To which may be added—from Dr. Reisner's book: "Of the Queen of Mycerinus, Khamerernebt II., the face of the slate pair is the only one which is actually a portrait. But in all periods, the Egyptian craftsmen represented the faces of the gods and goddesses in the likeness of the king, 'the good god' who ruled Egypt, and his queen. Thus the face of the Theban nome in triad No. 10 is similar to the face of Mycerinus in the same triad, and the faces of the goddess Hathor and the female nome are patently the face of the queen in the slate pair. Thus in

received neither its final polishing nor inscription. Only the face of the king shows traces of having been painted in the usual conventional colours. The hole in which this fine group was found was in the floor of the corridor that yielded the four slate triads. (See Illustration No. 6.) Each of these triads represents Mycerinus, the Goddess Hathor, and a Neme-figure—respectively that of the Hare (See Illustration No. 1), the Jackal, Thebes, and Diospolis Parva—and each is inscribed with the names of the king and Hathor, and with an offering formula recited by the Neme-figure." The group with the Hare-nome is in Boston; the other three are in Cairo. To which may be added—from Dr. Reisner's book: "Of the Queen of Mycerinus, Khamerernebt II., the face of the slate pair is the only one which is actually a portrait. But in all periods, the Egyptian craftsmen represented the faces of the gods and goddesses in the likeness of the king, 'the good god' who ruled Egypt, and his queen. Thus the face of the Theban nome in triad No. 10 is similar to the face of Mycerinus in the same triad, and the faces of the goddess Hathor and the female nome are patently the face of the queen in the slate pair. Thus in



5. THE HEAD OF THE FIGURE OF THE MYCERINUS OF THE TRIAD ILLUSTRATED IN PHOTOGRAPH 1: THE PHARAOH WEARING THE "WHITE CROWN" AND THE ROYAL BEARD; BUT WITHOUT THE URAEUS OF EGYPTIAN DIVINITIES AND KINGS.



10. THE TOMB OF MYCERINUS—THE THIRD PYRAMID AT GIZA; WITH ITS PYRAMID TEMPLE CLEARED BY THE EXCAVATORS: A VIEW TAKEN FROM NEAR THE TOP OF THE SECOND PYRAMID, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST.

reality the seven faces of the goddesses and nomes in the four triads may be counted as portraits of the queen." And the following: "The traces left on the statues of Mycerinus, in particular on the slate pair and the triads, prove that all his statues were painted or intended to be painted in the ordinary conventional colours of the Old Kingdom private statues. The best examples of this colouring are perhaps the statues of Rahotep and his wife, Nofret, from Medum. When the colouring was perfect, the material of which the statue was made was indistinguishable, and the examples of limestone statues show that the finer modelling was slightly obscured. . . . Artistic appreciation was not considered in the intent of the sculptor. He was a realist producing a practical implement . . . for securing a satisfactory future life to the man portrayed. The portrait must be a replica of the man in order properly to serve his spirit. . . . Colour was essential."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IF there is one man more than another who is entitled to say "I told you so" regarding the economic results of the Great War, it is the author of "The Great Illusion." Although he does not say it in any spirit of self-satisfaction or crowing over his former critics, he very naturally does point out the fulfilment of that unheeded prophecy in his new book, "THE UNSEEN ASSASSINS." By Norman Angell. (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). The fact that he is in a position to do so lends all the more weight to this fresh diagnosis of the world's worst social disease, in the present stage of its development, and to the remedies which he prescribes. Sir Norman Angell's new work, therefore, has good claims to be read and carefully studied throughout the world, not only by statesmen and economists, but by the general public. The author, in fact, appeals especially to the ordinary man (whom he personifies as John Smith) on the ground that public opinion is the real basis of Government policy, especially in waging war. Personally, I am inclined to think that too much stress can be laid on this point, for it does not seem to me that John Smith (or Johann Schmidt, either) had very much voice in the decision of 1914. In any case, however, this consideration does not affect the validity of Sir Norman's arguments.

As the title of his pre-war work was much misunderstood, it will be well to let the author himself explain what that of his present volume means. "We do not *desire*," he writes, "to create social or economic evils, to inspire injustice and bring about war, but we apply policies in which those results are inherent because we fail to see the implication of the policies. Those unperceived implications are the Unseen Assassins of our peace and welfare." Again, in a passage that indicates the scope and purpose of his book, he says: "We have no assurance yet that physical science will be used mainly for the service of man at all. It is still as likely to be put to the service of bestial orgies of destructive hate and terror. The organised learning of our schools and universities has not developed that particular skill which might help us to apply science to social welfare, but has itself been, at times, the main obstacle to improvement. It has often definitely encouraged the growth of evils like that nationalism which now devastates Europe; and has helped to render the victims of those evils incapable of seeing them as evils. It has not helped us to detect the unseen assassins. Too often it has helped to render us blind to their presence. The object of these pages is to simplify the work of detection for the ordinary man, to help him to see at what point one of these intellectual assassins has crept into some generally accepted principle or policy."

One of the most effective chapters in the book for the purpose of convincing the man in the street, because it is presented in popular, concrete form instead of abstract argument, is that in which John Smith describes his difficulties as a voter in reaching right conclusions on many involved questions upon which experts differ. "To twenty persons taken at hazard," says honest John, "I once put the question: 'What causes war? What stands in the way of peace?' And I got twenty different answers; each, for the most part, contradicting another." I need not give those twenty answers here, but I will give the one which Sir Norman Angell himself supplies later, since, though somewhat involved, it does express his main contention. "The cause of war," he writes, "is the existence, not of nations (Scotland and Wales are nations, but their nationalism is not now, though it was once, a cause of war); nor of groups of men insisting upon being

states (California and Massachusetts are states, and they are not causes of war); but of nations insisting on sovereignty and independence; nations refusing to be partners with other nations (since partnership limits the independence of the partners); deciding to live, that is, without government, each a law unto himself." (Surely, by the way, this last word should be *itself*.) "The fact to be clear about," continues the author, "is that it is because Europe is a Nationalist Europe in that sense, seething with the animosities and passions which accompany 'absolute' nationalism, that it is a disintegrating and chaotic Europe."

To indicate briefly what the author suggests as an alternative to this state of things, one may perhaps take the following passage: "My whole thesis," he writes, "is that understanding, work, co-operation, adjustment, must be the basis of human society; that conquest as a means of achieving national advantage must fail; that to base your prosperity, or means of livelihood, your economic system, in short, upon having more force than someone else and exercising it against him, is an impossible form of human relationship that is bound to break down." And again: "We and a large part of the world are desperately concerned at this moment to do our utmost to put Germany on her feet; are sacrificing out of our dire need the sum due to us in order to achieve the result . . . in sure knowledge that if Germany goes over the abyss,

impossible." On that ground, he recalls, he was subjected to constant ridicule for fifteen years, although he had never suggested anything of the sort, and "its whole purpose was to show the appalling danger of the ideas which it attacked; to show that those ideas, if maintained, *must* end in war." He had to write hundreds of denials. In one of them, in 1913, addressed to a well-known weekly, he said: "Personally, not only do I regard war as possible, but extremely likely. What I have been preaching in Germany is that it is impossible for Germany to benefit by war, especially by a war against us." Thereupon, he adds a new comment: "An author not unnaturally reflects that had he been a grocer accused of adulterating his sugar, he could secure heavy damages. A mere author trying to clear up dangerous fallacies and finding that sheer falsehood about his product has increased the difficulties of his task a hundredfold (to say nothing of pretty nearly ruining him financially), has no remedy at all."

All this goes to show the grave mischief that may be done by "irresponsible, indolent reviewers." It astonishes me that such misrepresentations should have been so widespread. I remember my own impression of "The Great Illusion" as showing that war would be equally disastrous for both sides. Incidentally, Sir Norman Angell mentions that the title was suggested by "a line of Milton about 'This mighty illusion of the benefits of conquest.'" I don't know where this "line" comes from, but it hardly sounds like "Paradise Lost." A word by the way in conclusion: I think a book of this importance might well have been provided with an index, especially in view of the author's past experience, which should have taught him that the journalist in a hurry needs all the signposts he can get to keep him in the right direction.

Having just been laid by the heels by a fashionable complaint which, in my case, has had an effect rather like that of

"A well-placed hack
In the small of the back,"

as one of our football poets has said, I am finding it a little difficult to keep the rest of this review up to the mark. The book which I had put down next on the list, as being of cognate interest, is "WAR AND PEACE IN EUROPE, 1815 TO 1870; AND OTHER ESSAYS." By E. L. Woodward, M.A. (Constable; 14s.). This volume represents a course of lectures delivered by the author as a University Lecturer in Modern History at Oxford. The lectures here take the form of three essays, and it is the first of these that bears on Sir Norman Angell's proposition, and that only in so far as history may be expected to repeat itself, for the author has limited his period for examining the causes of peace and war to the years between Waterloo and Sedan. Regarding the rest of the book, I may, in the circumstances, allow Mr. Woodward to speak for himself. "The second essay," he writes, "attempts to explain the elementary technique of historical composition. As a man must know something of music or painting if he is to be a good judge of a sonata or a picture, so must he understand the methods of historical enquiry if he is to be the master and not the servant of the books he reads. The third essay discusses a single type of historical material, memoirs, for the history of one country, France, during one generation, 1815 to 1850. Memoirs are more accessible to the ordinary reader than most forms of historical material; Frenchmen excel in the writing of memoirs; the period of French history between the fall of Napoleon and the Revolution of 1848 has a dramatic unity and interest as well as a practical significance for the political life of to-day."

Finally, we are all interested, more or less, in the subjects discussed by the authors of "THE GOLD TANGLE AND THE WAY OUT": Meaning and Causes of the Great Industrial Collapse. By Frederick and Alfred Wigglesworth (Lane; 5s.). As they say in their Epilogue, events have brought about the change they advocate, and, commenting on this fact, they point out that we have now one imperative duty—"To make the pound sterling the *Symbol of Stability*, a safe anchorage in all storms, bringing freedom from political or financial domination. . . . No longer Tyrant gold, but a new 'sovereign' who shall be faithful and just to all men."—C. E. B.



INITIATOR OF THE REMARKABLE AIR SURVEY OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES IN SYRIA, WHICH REVEALED ROMAN REMAINS WHOSE EXISTENCE HAD NOT BEEN SUSPECTED: FATHER POIDEBARD, CHIEF OF THE EXPEDITION, IN HIS AEROPLANE.

Our readers will recall that we published in our issue of January 2, under the title "The Wide-Flung Hand of Rome: Revelations by Air Photography," three remarkable photographs illustrating archaeological sites in Syria as discovered from the air, pictorial records which disclosed many traces of Roman roads, military works, and other buildings which were invisible from the ground and whose very existence was unsuspected. The credit for the enterprise that led to such very important results, and to others of equal value, belongs to Father Poidebard, who initiated the use of aerial photography for archaeological survey work in Syria, and decided upon the precise methods to be adopted. So vital, indeed, was his part in the undertaking that, as Chief of the Archaeological Expedition under the auspices of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, he received the most willing assistance not only of the Institut de France, but of the French Military Aviation Corps in Syria. Our readers will be interested, therefore, to see these two further pictures, one of which shows the Reverend Father in his aeroplane, and the second of which shows him with some of his collaborators.



FATHER POIDEBARD AND SOME OF HIS COLLABORATORS IN SYRIA: ABOUT TO TAKE A FLIGHT IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO DISCOVER THE ROUTE USED BY CARAVANS TRAVELLING BETWEEN PALMYRA AND HIT IN THE SECOND CENTURY.

From left to right are seen Chief-Adjutant Caton, guide; Father Poidebard, Chief of the Expedition; Captain de Castets, Father Poidebard's pilot; and Chief-Adjutants Dehez and Baron. This photograph was taken by Commandant de Boysson, who, it will be recalled, took the photographs reproduced by us in our issue of January 2 last.

we may go too. Why does this sort of thing happen after war in our days? It was not always thus. The Danes could come and seize cattle and gold, and even the Normans whole estates, and make the operations profitable. Why does the modern world have to care for its enemy? Because the division of labour has become so complex that it is better to secure his co-operation in exploiting the earth than to waste both his and our energies fighting each other. . . . If we really need another, we must not kill him; if we want to sell him our goods we must let him earn money."

These quotations, I think, contain the gist of the book, but of course there is an infinite amount of detail which it is hopeless to convey in a short review. Besides elaborating his theory for world organisation, Sir Norman Angell also discusses many practical problems such as the future of the British Empire, the Indian controversy (suggesting that "the really wise course is the co-operation of Britain and India for the welfare of both"), the relations of Russia and China, and the loss of British prestige in handling the mandate in Palestine. I have quoted Sir Norman's own words as far as possible in order to avoid any chance of misrepresenting his views. It is amazing to what extent, as he tells us, his argument in "The Great Illusion" was misrepresented. "The casual writer who makes references to a book he reads about but has not read, the columnist, the gossip merchant . . . decided that the book was an attempt to prove that war had become

A Famous Sixteenth-Century Royal Portrait at Burlington House.

REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH "APOLLO" MAGAZINE.



"ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE, WIFE OF CHARLES IX., IN 1570":
A PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO FRANÇOIS CLOUET (C. 1516-1572) OR HIS SCHOOL,
PAINTED ABOUT 1571. (SIZE, 14½ BY 10½ INCHES.)

(Lent to the French Art Exhibition by the Musée du Louvre.)

IN the catalogue of the Exhibition of French Art at Burlington House, this picture is described as a work of the School of François Clouet; but some critics, including M. Alphonse Germain, definitely ascribe it to that artist himself. François Clouet was Court Painter to four French Kings—François I., Henri II., François II., and Charles IX. In Mr. Eric Underwood's "Short History of French Painting" (reviewed in our issue of January 9), we read: "The portrait of Charles IX. (Louvre) was painted about 1569 and sent to Elizabeth of Austria, between whom and Charles a political marriage had been arranged, in order to show her what her future husband was like; the wedding took place in 1570 and the portrait of Elizabeth was probably painted shortly after her arrival in Paris. Both these pictures were brought back to Paris by Napoleon after his Austrian campaign. Though it has never been established with certainty as being his work, and, indeed, in the Louvre official catalogue is described merely as 'French School 2nd half of 16th century,' the portrait of Elizabeth is usually considered to be François Clouet's masterpiece; it shows the Elizabeth of Brantôme's *Mémoires*: 'as she was not dressed in our latest fashion and as she was small and did not wear high heels, the young princess appeared to the lords and ladies of the court to be rather simple and lacking in beauty; their depraved tastes could not understand her innocent grace.' The painter seems to have understood her perfectly. The attitude is most happy, and the position of the hands not only gives the necessary balance to the picture, but is appropriate to the character of the sitter; the decorative effect of the jewellery of the hair and dress relieves a tendency to austerity, the eyes are intelligent and thoughtful, and the face serene yet with a touch of melancholy; all is in keeping with what is known of Elizabeth of Austria, and the portrait merits not only all that M. Germain says of it: '*ce pur chef d'œuvre doit être regardé comme l'un des joyaux de l'école française*, but the esteem in which it is held by the whole French nation."

Contrasts in Brushwork and Colour at the French Art Exhibition.

REPRODUCTIONS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE MEDICI SOCIETY.

THESE contrasting examples from Eurlington House indicate the range and variety of French art, as there represented, more especially during the later nineteenth century. Corot, of course, is chiefly celebrated for his landscapes. He travelled much in France, Italy, Holland, and England.—Monet, who concentrated on the study of light, was the leading exponent of "luminism." Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock, in his "Introduction to French Painting," writes: "Impressionism proper is supposed to have been invented when Monet and Pissaro paid a visit to London during the Siege of Paris (1870-1), and when they wondered how Turner painted snow with so dazzling and luminous a white. . . . Thus from Turner . . . they took the essential technique of impressionism."—Georges Seurat, a later Impressionist, used a distinctive method of minute granulation of his colour.—Gauguin, once pupil of Pissaro, afterwards abandoned luminism and developed his passion for exotic colour. After a visit to Tahiti, he left France and spent the rest of his life in Martinique.



BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926): "LE CANAL DE ZAANDAM," PAINTED IN 1871.

(Lent to the Exhibition by M. Barret-Decap, Biarritz.)



BY JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875): "LE BEFFROI DE DOUAI," PAINTED IN MAY, 1871.

(Lent by the Musée du Louvre, Paris.)



BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903): "TE RERIOA," PAINTED IN TAHITI, 1897.

(Lent by Mr. Samuel Courtauld, London.)



BY GEORGES SEURAT (1859-1891): "LE PONT DE COURBEVOIE," A BRIDGE ON THE SEINE.

(Lent by Mr. Samuel Courtauld, London.)



BY PAUL GAUGUIN: "TWO TAHITIAN WOMEN WITH MANGOES," PAINTED IN 1899.

(Lent by Mr. William Church Osborn, New York.)

THE JAPANESE IN CHINCHOW: AN UNOPPOSED OCCUPATION IN MANCHURIA.



THE JAPANESE ADVANCE IN MANCHURIA ROUNDED OFF BY THEIR ENTRY INTO CHINCHOW: INFANTRY DETRAINING AND FORMING UP AT CHINCHOW RAILWAY STATION, ON THE LINE FROM MUKDEN TO PEKIN.



THE UNOPPOSED OCCUPATION OF CHINCHOW BY GENERAL MURO'S DIVISION—NOW POLICING THE AREA NORTH OF THE GREAT WALL: JAPANESE INFANTRY, IN THEIR WINTER KIT, MARCHING INTO THE CITY.



THE JAPANESE IN CHINCHOW: INFANTRY SHOUTING "BANZAI!" ON A TOWER OF THE ANCIENT FORTIFICATIONS OF THE CITY, WHICH THEY REFRAINED FROM OCCUPYING UNTIL THE CHINESE HAD RETIRED.



A JAPANESE ARMoured TRUCK CONSTRUCTED FOR RAILWAY PATROL WORK: A SCENE NEAR CHINCHOW, IN A REGION IN WHICH CLASHES WITH BANDITS AND LOCAL VOLUNTEERS ARE FREQUENT.



JAPANESE CAVALRY ENTERING KOWPANGTZE, ON THE ROAD TO CHINCHOW: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MEDIAEVAL-LOOKING HORSE-CLOTHS WHICH SERVE AS CAMOUFLAGE IN THE SNOW, AND ALSO, WHEN LAID ON THE GROUND, AS RECOGNITION-MARKS FOR AIRCRAFT.



UPHOLDERS OF "PEACE AND ORDER" IN BANDIT-RIDDEN MANCHURIA: JAPANESE INFANTRYMEN IN A GENIAL IF NOT TRIUMPHANT MOOD AT THE OCCUPATION OF A GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN CHINCHOW.

As previously noted by us, it was stated on December 19 that, for the purpose of maintaining peace and order in Manchuria, the Japanese were about to send an ultimatum demanding the withdrawal of the Chinese troops to a point inside the Great Wall (which reaches the coast about 100 miles south-west of Chinchow). On December 29, news came that General Chang Hsueh-liang, in command of the Manchurian troops in and around Chinchow, had begun to withdraw. The Japanese vanguard entered Chinchow on January 2. Their 20th Division, under General Muro, followed the next day, and was given a show of welcome by diplomatic Chinese. The Chinese authorities thanked the Japanese for not entering until the evacuation had been completed. General Muro's division, it is reported,

will police the area between Chinchow and the Great Wall, while a Japanese brigade will look after the area between Chinchow and Kowpangtze on the Mukden railway, to the north-east. Commenting on the situation, a "Times" correspondent wrote: "If Japanese expectations are realised, the situation will now improve rapidly. With Chang Hsueh-liang's forces irrevocably beyond the Great Wall, provincial Governments which recognise Japanese rights can extend their authority over Manchuria. Provincial revenues, no longer swallowed by excessive armies, will enable them to enlist bandits into the local forces. The Japanese, who have been ready to take Chinchow for six weeks, think they deserve credit for the patience they have exercised in order to allow the place to be bloodlessly evacuated."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"SCIENCE, FALSELY SO CALLED!"

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IT was St. Paul, if I remember rightly, who warned Timothy against the evil of "Science, falsely so called": and that evil is still with us. The sin of presenting garbled and distorted versions of scientific discoveries or beliefs is commonly perpetrated in the columns of one's newspaper. But here it is pardonable, because unintentional. The unfortunate offender has done his best to translate an unfamiliar, and often highly technical, theme into language "understood of the people." He presents the "wrong end of the stick" because he cannot distinguish one end from the other.

But, though we must hold the journalist blameless on such occasions, we cannot extend the quality of mercy to the man of science himself when he also perverts the truth. Doubtless he does not do this with malice aforethought. But he does worse than this when he permits himself to express views which he has never submitted to careful analysis, or taken the trouble to discover whether they are more or less in harmony with the current opinions of the recognised authorities on the themes he is discussing. This is not to say that the man of science must, before all things, be "orthodox." Heaven forbid! The advancement of science is not achieved that way. But when he allows himself to express crude theories which are patently absurd, even to the layman, he sows distrust of the pronouncements made in the name of science. For these are always regarded, and with rare exceptions rightly, as the outcome of prolonged study and, often, laborious experiment.

I have in mind, as I write, the report of a lecture which has appeared in more than one newspaper during the last few days, concerning "atavistic" human characters. In effect, the lecturer said: "Show me your ears, and I will tell you whether you are a degenerate or not." If your ears are devoid of the usual furrows and ridges, and look as though they had been "ironed out," if they stand out at right angles from the head, if they have no lobes—then you are a "degenerate"! This can only be described as "clotted nonsense." Much was made

Berbers of North Africa and the Cagots of the Pyrenees.

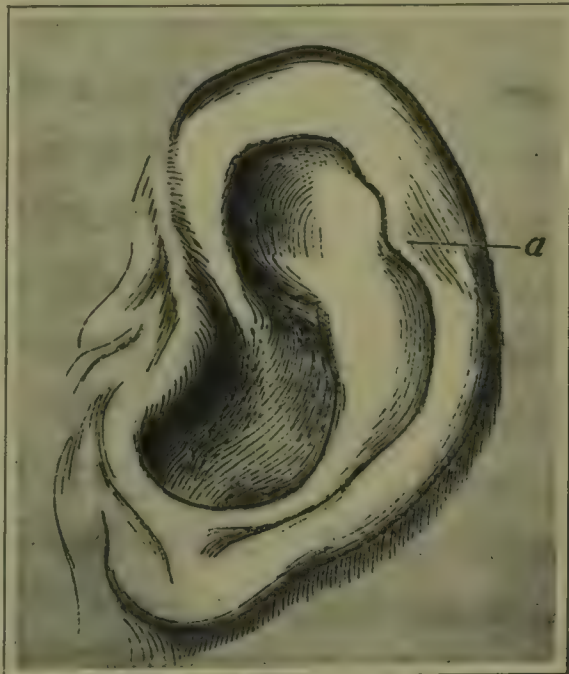
Perchance the lecturer merely meant that, when this point persists, we have a case of "arrested

are excited or depressed, and changing in a moment from that sparkle due to some delicious anticipation to a dull, dead look following on disappointment. These expressions of the emotions are beyond our control.

We must pass now to some curious statements concerning the skin and hair. Thus we are assured that so much vital energy was necessary to make, and I suppose keep, the negro black, that his central nervous system has been sapped; hence his "child-like character." From this we are to assume that the white races were enabled to transfer the "energy" which the poor negro had to devote to the melanisation of his hide to the enlargement of their brains! Dear, dear, how interesting! As touching hair, red-haired people, we are told, are "atavistic," "unquestionably so." And it is supposed to be the contention of "the highest authorities" that primitive man was red-haired. I think I know something of the "highest authorities," but I cannot remember that any have ever insisted on this. He may have been red, like the orang; he may equally have been black, like the gorilla or the chimpanzee.

The genealogy of man seems to have been vastly more complex than any of us who have become interested in that theme have ever dared to imagine! The fat man is cited as a very decided instance of degenerative atavism. He owes his accumulation of adipose tissue to the instigation of his subconscious mind, which, reverting to the custom of his hibernating animal ancestors, causes him to accumulate a generous store of fat in preparation for a long winter's fast which he is never called on to undergo! Let me add its opposite. The poor man suffering from dropsy is similarly reverting to the custom of another ancestor—this time a toad—which, as in a certain Australian species, stores up a great supply of water to enable it to aestivate; that is to say, to tide over a period of drought which may last for months, or even a year or two. Convincing, isn't it?

Finally, the lecturer assured his audience that man owed his "transcendental brain" to his decision to walk upon two legs instead of four! Can a man "by taking thought add one cubit unto his stature"? But there is no need to labour this point! If the learned lecturer on this occasion was merely trying to talk down to the supposed level of his audience, then he was insulting their intelligence: but, what



1. A HUMAN EAR SHOWING DARWIN'S POINT (a): THE SMALL PROJECTION FROM THE RIM WHICH DARWIN CONTENDED IS REMINISCENT OF THE POINTED EAR SEEN IN SOME MONKEYS.

In his "Descent of Man," Darwin states that his attention was first called to this point by the celebrated sculptor Woolner. The point is not very often found in human ears. It occurs more frequently, and more prominently, in the right ear than in the left, and in men more than in women.—(After Darwin.)

development," where, from some unknown cause, the ear failed to attain to its full human shape. "Hare-lip" is another instance of this kind where development fails in attaining its final end. But the person so afflicted cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be called a "degenerate" either mentally or physically. Eyes, we are told, are sometimes set so far apart as to give the unfortunate person thus affected an equine or a bovine look. This, we are solemnly assured, is inherited from an equine or bovine ancestor: and people who inherit this type of eye equally inherit the type of intelligence and mental outlook of the horse or the ox, as the case may be. What is the "mental outlook" of a horse? Furthermore, since their digestive capacity is also equine or bovine, they should affect the diet of these animals; that is to say, they should be vegetarians, and, I suppose, eat grass at that!

What is to be said of such stuff as this? Some people may derive unction from an imaginary equine or bovine ancestor, rather than from a gorilla; but they will be postulating the impossible. Let that pass, however. The dull, stupid expression which we see in the faces of some people is not to be traced to such fantastic sources, but to an unimaginative temperament, and often to a low-grade mental capacity. For the eye plays an important part in the expression of the emotions. Its brilliancy increases or declines according to the tension of the eye-ball: varying as we



2. THE FEATURE CORRESPONDING TO "DARWIN'S POINT" IN THE EAR OF A MACAQUE, OR ORGAN-GRINDER'S MONKEY: THE OVERTURNED RIM OF THE EAR WHEN TERMINATING IN THE CONSPICUOUS TRIANGULAR BORDER OF THE UPPER AND HINDER EDGE OF THE EAR.

of "Darwin's point" (Fig. 1), a small projection from the rim of the ear which Darwin, and rightly, contended is reminiscent of the pointed ear seen in some monkeys. It is nowhere better seen than in the organ-grinder's monkey, a macaque. Some of us find the suggestion that we are remote cousins of the gorilla—which incidentally does not show this point—repugnant enough. It occurs, it is to be noticed, more frequently and conspicuously on the right than the left ear, and in men than in women; while the ear-lobe is commonly absent among the



3. THE EAR OF A CHIMPANZEE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING "DARWIN'S POINT" AT THE END OF THE SCROLL-LIKE OVERTURNED EDGE OF THE RIM OF THE UPPER BORDER OF THE EAR.

Although the chimpanzee's resembles the human ear, that resemblance is masked by differences of proportion and details. It is, relatively to the size of the ape's head, larger than the human ear.

is still worse, he was bringing the name of science into disrepute, and for that there can be no forgiveness.

GERMAN TANKS ON PARADE: AN IMPOSING REICHSWEHR DISPLAY.



MOST MARTIAL IN APPEARANCE, BUT—: "BABY" TANKS AND THEIR "CRASH-HELMETED" DRIVERS IN WAR ORDER DURING GERMAN MANŒUVRES.

We here illustrate a company of "baby" Tanks of the German Army drawn up under conditions of mimic warfare. Beside each stands its "crash-helmeted" driver. At first sight, the whole effect of the parade is businesslike; if not strikingly martial. A second glance reveals unexpected features. These nimble little machines devised for the Reichswehr have a cruising speed on the road

which is superior to that of any Tank in any of the world's armies. There is good reason for this, quite apart from their lightness. Careful examination will, no doubt, disclose the chief secret to our readers, who, if they are not then satisfied, can learn all there is to know by turning over this page and considering the set of revelatory photographs presented on the next two pages.

THE SECRET OF THE GERMAN TANKS REVEALED: BEFORE THE PARADE.



ASSEMBLING A REICHSWEHR "TANK": A "BABY" MOTOR-CAR WITH A SPECIAL SEAT; AND GUN-TURRET, ARMOUR, AND CATERPILLARS OF PASTEBOARD AND SHEET IRON.

Here, and on the opposite page, we reveal the secrets of the "phantom" German Tank Corps seen parading in the photograph on the preceding page. A "baby" motor-car is shown ready to receive the "camouflage" which will turn it into the semblance of a small Tank. Three soldiers hold the two "caterpillar tractors" and "armoured sides," and the "gun-turret" and door respectively. It will be observed that the dummy caterpillars are made to fit

over the mudguards of the car, which they more or less conceal. The gun-turret fits on top of the body. Thus, the driver is enclosed in a mobile fort of sheet-iron and pasteboard, and is ready to go over the top with the shock-troops. At the same time, it must be remembered that these sham tanks have their uses. They are valuable for training purposes, and we picture opposite the manner in which the Reichswehr employs them during manœuvres.

THE SECRET OF THE GERMAN TANKS REVEALED: ON MANŒUVRES.



A "TANK" THAT IS NOT A CONTRAVENTION OF THE MILITARY RESTRICTIONS IMPOSED UPON GERMANY: A REICHSWEHR MOTOR-CAR "ARMOURED" WITH SHEET IRON AND PASTEBOARD BEING PULLED BY A HORSE.



HOW GERMAN INFANTRY ARE TRAINED IN TANK-WARFARE BY THE USE OF DUMMIES: A TANK ATTACK OVER COUNTRY WITHOUT COVER; WITH INFANTRY DODGING BEHIND THEIR "MOBILE FORTS."



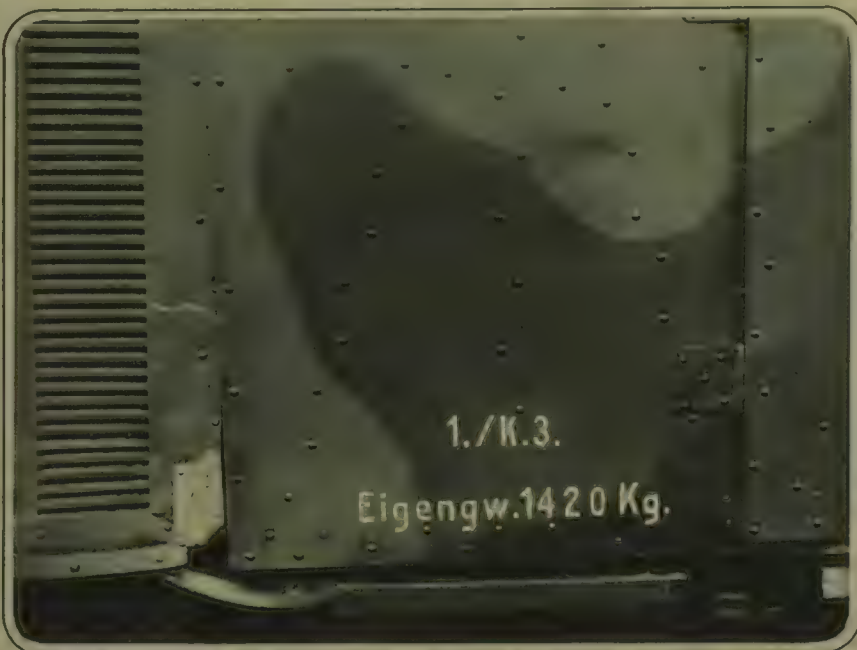
A SINGLE MECHANIC PUSHING A MIMIC TANK—PROOF THAT THE DUMMY FALLS FAR SHORT OF THE REAL THING IN WEIGHT: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SHEET IRON SIDES DENTED BY USE.



TRAINING A TANK CORPS WHICH HAS ONLY DUMMY TANKS IN THE ART OF TAKING COVER FROM A NON-EXISTENT AIR ARM: ONE OF THE GERMAN SHAM TANKS PREPARING A SURPRISE FOR THE ENEMY.



A REICHSWEHR ARMOURD CAR THAT GIVES AN IMPRESSION OF BEING HOTLY ENGAGED: IN REALITY, A MOTOR-CAR WITH DUMMY ARMOUR MENACED BY A SHAM GAS-ATTACK FROM A SINGLE SMOKE-BOMB.



A CLOSE-UP PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ROUGH CONSTRUCTION OF THE SHEET IRON SIDES OF A GERMAN "TANK" OR "ARMOURD CAR": FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE DUMMY'S LIGHTNESS IN A NOTICE GIVING ITS WEIGHT AS 1420 KILOGRAMS (ABOUT 21 CWT.).

We illustrate on this page the Reichswehr's dummy tanks and armoured cars in a variety of aspects—showing their inoffensive side as well as their real military utility. No one could cavil at an armoured car that is horse-drawn! Perhaps it has developed some mechanical defect; at all events, its armour is nothing more impenetrable than sheet iron and pasteboard. On the other hand, the Reichswehr has evidently not dressed up these motor-cars for nothing, and in the second photograph we illustrate their practical use in training infantry in

tank warfare—in this case the infantry would appear to be advancing by short rushes across exposed ground. A real tank may weigh as much as 10 metric tons (rather less than ten English tons), but a single mechanic can push one of these dummies into its garage, as can be seen from our third photograph. Surprise is a particularly vital factor in tank warfare: in one illustration the driver of a tank has chosen to lurk in a wood. Gas drill in their confined interior is another use the German Army can find for its dummies.

**"SUBMARINE
'M 2.'
HAS NOT
YET
RETURNED
TO
HARBOUR":**

The missing vessel, which dived off Portland at about 10.30 on the morning of January 26 and ceased communication—showing her seaplane in flight and on her deck.

THE Admiralty announced on the night of January 26: "News has been received this evening that Submarine 'M 2.' dived at about 10.30 this morning off Portland, and since then no further communication has been received from her. Destroyers and submarines from Portland are searching the area in which she was last known to be, and every endeavour is being made to establish communication with her." Later, at 12.40 a.m., a second Admiralty communiqué said: "An object, presumed to be Submarine 'M 2.,' has been located three miles west of Portland Bill, in seventeen fathoms, on a sandy bottom. Salvage craft and divers have been sent from Portsmouth to this position with the utmost dispatch." During the night of January 26, an official at the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth had added to the general knowledge by saying: "We are still waiting anxiously for news. 'M 2.' was exercising alone at Portland. The last message from her was received at 10.11 this morning, and signified that she was about to commence exercises. These would involve diving, but nothing out of the routine of exercises. . . . When she did not return at the proper time four destroyers and two submarines were sent out to search for her. . . . A submarine of the 'M 2.' class could remain under water in an emergency for forty-eight hours." With regard to the submarine herself, it should be said that "M 2." was laid down in 1916 and completed in 1920. Originally, she carried a twelve-inch gun, but in 1927 this was removed, and, in the space formerly taken up by the gun-mounting, there was built a hangar for a small seaplane.



THE MUTINY AT DARTMOOR CONVICT PRISON: PERSONALITIES.



ONE OF THE WARDERS AT DARTMOOR PRISON WITH HIS HEAD BANDAGED AS A RESULT OF ATTACKS BY MUTINOUS CONVICTS ON JANUARY 24.



MR. S. N. ROBERTS, THE GOVERNOR OF THE DARTMOOR CONVICT PRISON, WHO WAS ATTACKED BY MUTINOUS PRISONERS WHEN HE WAS IN HIS OFFICE.



ONE OF THE WARDERS WHO SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE MUTINOUS CONVICTS RE-ENTERING DARTMOOR PRISON WITH HIS HEAD BANDAGED.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES BEFORE THE CLOCK-TOWER AND THE OFFICE BLOCK WHICH WAS BURNT OUT ON JANUARY 24: SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, THE HOME SECRETARY, ON HIS RECENT VISIT; WITH (ON HIS LEFT HAND) COLONEL TURNER, AN ASSISTANT PRISON COMMISSIONER, WHO WAS ATTACKED BY CONVICTS DURING THE MUTINY, AND SAVED BY OTHER CONVICTS, INCLUDING THE LIFE-SENTENCE MAN, G. T. DONOVAN.



MR. HERBERT DU PARC, K.C., RECORDER OF BRISTOL, WHO IS TO HOLD THE INQUIRY INTO THE CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE MUTINY.

MR. A. K. WILSON, THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF PLYMOUTH, WHO RUSHED POLICE IN MOTOR-COACHES ACROSS THE MOORS TO THE PRISON.



DARTMOOR WARDERS CARRYING MILK FROM THE PRISON FARM TO THE PRISON ITSELF AFTER THE MUTINY—WORK USUALLY DONE BY CONVICTS.



THE REVEREND E. F. P. SCHOLES, NONCONFORMIST CHAPLAIN AT DARTMOOR PRISON, WHO WAS ATTACKED.



MR. ALEXANDER PATERSON, THE HEAD PRISON COMMISSIONER (CENTRE), TALKING TO JOURNALISTS AT DARTMOOR PRISON AFTER HIS HURRIED ARRIVAL.

On this page we give portraits of personalities connected with the serious mutiny of convicts in Dartmoor Prison on Sunday, January 24. While the rioting was going on, certain warders received minor injuries, but, fortunately, none was badly hurt. Mr. S. N. Roberts, the Governor of the prison, was attacked in his office and had to escape through a side-door. His office was set on fire. It is interesting to add that he has risen from the ranks, for he entered the prison service as a warder after the Armistice. He is noted for his humanitarianism. Col. G. D. Turner, an Assistant Prison Commissioner, who was at Dartmoor

investigating recent troubles there, was assailed, and was saved thanks largely to the courage of George Thomas Donovan, a life-sentence prisoner. The Rev. E. F. P. Scholes, one of the chaplains, was knocked down and lost his spectacles. These one of the rioting convicts picked up and politely handed back to him. Mr. Alexander Paterson, the Head Commissioner of Prisons and Administrator of Convict Prisons, hurried to Princetown to begin a preliminary inquiry. The official inquiry is being conducted by Mr. Herbert Du Parc, who is being assisted by Mr. Paterson. Mr. A. K. Wilson led a bâton charge.

THE AMAZING MUTINY AT THE DARTMOOR CONVICT PRISON: ASSAULT AND ARSON AT PRINCETOWN.



DARTMOOR PRISON ON THE DAY OF THE CONVICTS' MUTINY: AN AIR VIEW TAKEN ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 24; SHOWING THE OFFICE-BLOCK OF BUILDINGS ABLAZE AFTER IT HAD BEEN FIRED BY THE RIOTERS; THE PRISON AS A WHOLE; AND THE BOUNDARY WALL.



THE OFFICE-BLOCK OF DARTMOOR PRISON FIRED BY MUTINOUS CONVICTS, WHO ATTACKED THE GOVERNOR AND OTHERS: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE GUTTED BUILDING WHILE WATER WAS STILL BEING PLAYED ON IT.—AT THE END OF THE PATH, THE RUINED CLOCK-TOWER.



CONVICTS CLEARING AWAY DEBRIS OF THE GUTTED OFFICE-BUILDING: SHOWING, AT THE END OF THE PATH, THE REMAINS OF THE CLOCK-TOWER WHICH WAS A FAMOUS LANDMARK.



A WARDER ON GUARD ON A ROOF NEAR THE MAIN GATE OF THE PRISON AFTER THE CONVICTS HAD MUTINIED.



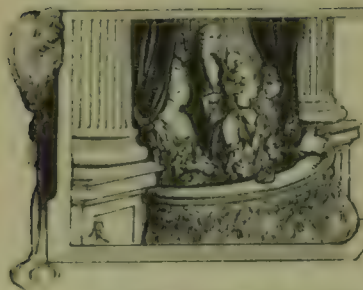
WARDERS INJURED BY THE MUTINOUS CONVICTS LEAVING THE PRISON BY MOTOR-CAR TO BE MEDICALLY TREATED.



POLICE CONSTABLES WHO HAD BEEN RUSHED TO THE SCENE OF THE MUTINY LEAVING THE PRISON FOR THEIR FIRST OFF-DUTY SPELL SINCE THEIR ARRIVAL.

An amazing mutiny occurred at the Dartmoor Convict Prison on Sunday, January 24. Newspaper accounts of the disturbances read so sensationally that they suggest an American scene rather than an English one—and a movie-picture scene at that! We quote the official Home Office account: "At 9.30 a.m., when about 350 prisoners were assembled in readiness to be marched to the chapel services, disorder broke out. The prison staff attempted to induce the men to return to their cells, and a number did so. Others, however, attacked the Governor's office, where were the Governor, the Deputy Governor, and the Assistant Commissioner of Prisons, Colonel Turner. Colonel Turner went out and endeavoured to address the prisoners, but was unable to get a hearing, and violence being threatened, several of the convicts intervened for his protection. Prisoners broke into the Governor's office through the window, and the situation was

such that the Governor thought it necessary to telephone for assistance to the Plymouth Police, the Devon County Police, and the military authorities. For about an hour the prison staff were unable to establish control. The prisoners set fire to the office-block, which was burnt out, and did other damage, mainly in the way of breaking windows. Determined efforts were made by the prisoners to get over the boundary wall. . . . The number of rioters was gradually reduced as the prison officers induced the prisoners to return to their cells, but about 150 men continued to defy authority, until, at about 10.45 a.m., forty Plymouth police officers arrived. . . . About the same time twenty Devon Police arrived. . . . Some of the prisoners then surrendered; others refused, and the police had to charge with drawn batons. . . . Control was then re-established. . . . Large numbers of prisoners took no share in the disturbances."



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



A NEW FORM OF TRAVELOGUE.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, alert of mind, his sense of humour ever on the *qui vive*, his athletic body in training for escapade and exercise, has blown into the rather solemn sphere of the travel picture with the refresh-



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS"—A NOVEL TYPE OF "TRAVELOGUE" PICTURE.

ing vigour of a morning breeze. Between his "Around the World in Eighty Minutes" and the hitherto more or less stereotyped form of the travelogue lies all the difference of mentality that separates the globe-trotter, "doing the sights" with the thoroughness born of a sense of duty, from the eager traveller responding to the impressions of the voyage, but collecting them rather at the suggestion of his own impulse than from the bidding of his guide-book. No doubt the extraordinary tourist who "personally conducts" himself misses some of the flora and the fauna, the monuments and the museums—especially the museums—that he ought to have seen. But what an



ELISSA LANDI AND LIONEL BARRYMORE AS MARYA KALISH AND BARON AUDREY IN "THE YELLOW PASSPORT": A STORY OF RUSSIA UNDER THE CZARIST RÉGIME JUST BEFORE THE GREAT WAR; BASED ON THE STAGE PLAY BY MICHAEL MORTON.

amount of fun he gets out of his journey, and how personal are his experiences! It is just this personal note and the all-pervading atmosphere of good fun in Mr. Fairbanks' pictorial diary that break new ground in a well-tilled field. From the moment we encounter the "star" displaying his well-known agility round about and all over the decks of the liner eastward bound, we know we are in for a good time. And we get it. We follow in his leaping footsteps, that take a sea in their stride from Hawaii to Siam, watch him playing golf on every available course, shooting leopards at the invitation of the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, sipping tea in the Palace of Siam, scribbling autographs in a jostling Chinese crowd, or in a fairy garden of Japan. We gaze with him at the Taj Mahal, the sacred

Ganges, the golden Cambodian dancing girls and a great deal more of the clamorous, glamorous, magical East until we get back to Hollywood, per Magic Carpet—a very superior means of transport. But, all in all, we have not been taken far afield of the beaten track nor down any particular path of mystery. Why, then, has our eighty-minute tour proved so exhilarating?

It would be idle to contend that we might gain much pleasure from the sight of the average commentator romping round a liner or playing golf or scattering autographs. Here, obviously, Mr. Fairbanks has the advantage of being a figure in the limelight, a world-wide favourite whose public delights in seeing him, as it were, off the stage. But the real secret of the freshness and "vim" of his travelogue lies in the fact that he has handled his material from the entertainment point of view. He is a master showman. His running commentary is lighthearted, very discreetly informative, and thoroughly amusing—having been written by a humourist. He "stages" some of his items of interest carefully and deliberately. Nothing could be more charming than a morning in a Japanese girl's life—her awakening, her toilet, her lessons in lute-playing and dancing—with Mr. Fairbanks as an admiring Peeping Tom at her paper window. He does not hesitate to work up a crescendo of interest in points that have plainly caught his fancy. Thus, from the ritual dances of the sinuous Siamese we are switched to the studio to see Mr. Fairbanks dancing a modern fox-trot with a filigree lady from far Siam in his arms; upon which, behold our old friend Mickey Mouse appearing to patter a measure or two! And all, forsooth, because Mr. Fairbanks discovered the rhythm of the jazz in the punctuating throb of the Siamese drums. It is this delightful and youthfully audacious inventiveness, this cheeky interpolation of the personal in more serious matters, this invitation to read the pages of his diary through his own eyes—the eyes of a film actor who "sees" in terms of the kinema—that invest the film with originality and vivacity. Mr. Fairbanks may not have penetrated into undiscovered country, but he has nevertheless become a pioneer.

CAMERA ANGLES.

Rouben Mamoulian, the well-known stage and screen producer, has some interesting things to say about camera tricks, and his opinions, which appeared in a recent number of the *Daily Film Rentier*, are all the more worthy of consideration since he himself is a man of imaginative vision whose use of pictorial illumination often embraces unusual camera-effects. He precludes his remarks with the statement that "Camera effects and angles produced merely for technical interest are as detrimental to a talking picture as an explanatory sub-title printed every ten feet in a photo-play." No one interested in the production side of pictorial drama will feel inclined to deny so palpable a truth, but Mr. Mamoulian's further contention that "every movement of the camera, every angle, every effect must be a vital and necessary part of a film story, or it impedes audience-interest in the story," certainly leaves a debatable margin.

The camera-effect dragged in solely because of its technical interest is obviously valueless, and even the over-ambitious young director, in the first flush of experimental enthusiasm, will seek some link between his theme and his pictorial commentary, although, as has often been the case, he may still over-estimate the importance of his angles. But it seems to me scarcely possible to reduce the whole question of camera-effects to hard-and-fast rules, or to define just how "vital and necessary" any camera-angle or effect may be to the actual story of a film-drama. A clear and forthright statement may place the plot adequately before us, but our receptiveness of that plot is immeasurably enhanced by the deliberate creation of atmosphere, the crafty manipulation of our several moods by means of camera-

effects and angles. Mr. Mamoulian illustrates his arguments by supposing a group of actors seated in conversation at a table. A bird's-eye view of such a group, he maintains, might be an interesting angle, but a foolish one, since we are concentrated on the actors. If, however, they are discussing something very secret and a spy observes them from a peep-hole in the floor above, then the angle becomes necessary in adding to the suspense of the scene. To which I would say, why should the physical presence of the spy above the heads of the conspirators be necessary to justify the bird's-eye angle? In itself, revealing as it would the huddled heads in close proximity, such a shot would immediately create an impression of secrecy, of whispered and possibly sinister conference in which we, the audience, would play the

spy. It is surely within the province of the camera to probe beyond the possibilities of actual vision in order to prepare the mind of the onlooker for the impact of drama yet to follow.

Far be it from me to defend or to wish to resuscitate the unbridled liberty of the camera in pre-talkie days. Then, undoubtedly, the angles, the shadows, the "stunts" and tricks of the master-craftsmen needed a very firm hand on the directorial reins to hold them in check, and one was prone to forget in a natural reaction to emotional pictorial work the values or the weakness of a picture's dramatic content. The advent of sound revolutionised the position of the camera-man and called for an entire re-adjustment of the balance between the art and the craft of filmmaking. But the spate of sound, or at least of the spoken word, is

gradually dwindling, defeated by the fundamental exigence of kinematic drama, and that is movement. This exigence, this urgency, has, in bestowing freedom on the microphone, restored to the camera its range and flexibility. No longer doomed to move from one large open mouth to another in a mere recording of the gymnastics of speech, the old approaches of the pictures to the minds of the audience are opened up again, and the eye transmits as much as the ear. The camera, then, has recaptured a great deal, if not all, of its pristine power.



THE FILM VERSION OF "THE FALL AND RISE OF SUSAN LENOX": GRETA GARBO AND CLARK GABLE IN "THE RISE OF HELGA."

"The Rise of Helga," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, was recently shown at the Empire. It is a free adaptation of "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lennox," by David Graham Phillips.

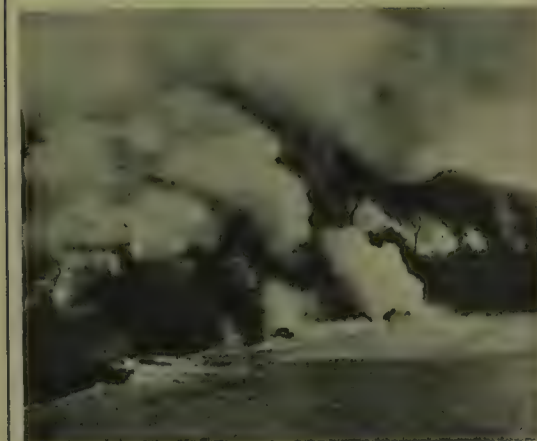


A MOVING SCENE FROM "FRAIL WOMEN," A JULIUS HAGEN PRODUCTION, DIRECTED AT TWICKENHAM FILM STUDIOS BY MAURICE ELVEY: JIMMY WELLS, THE BOOKIE (EDMUND GWENN) PARTS WITH THE MISTRESS HE LOVES (MARY NEWCOMB), IN ORDER THAT SHE MAY MARRY A RICH MAN.

The cast of "Frail Women" includes Edmund Gwenn as The Bookmaker, Owen Nares as The Man, and Mary Newcomb as The Woman.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS THAT IMPERIL HAWAII: PHASES OF ACTIVITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH MOVIE-TONE NEWS, LTD.



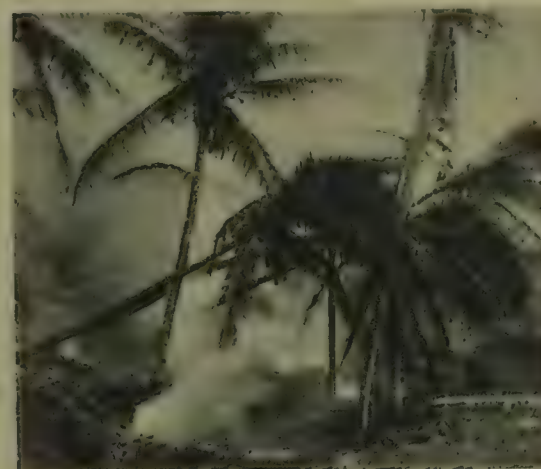
RED-HOT LAVA FROM MAUNA-LOA FLOWING INTO THE SEA: A SERIES OF CINÉ-PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE STEAM-CLOUDS CAUSED BY THE MEETING OF THE MOLTEN MASS AND THE WATER.



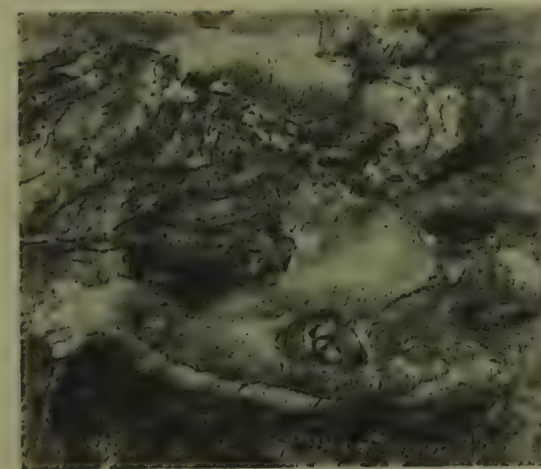
THE SMOKE FROM KILAUEA, WHICH, ON A CLEAR DAY, CAN BE SEEN FROM HONOLULU, 200 MILES AWAY.



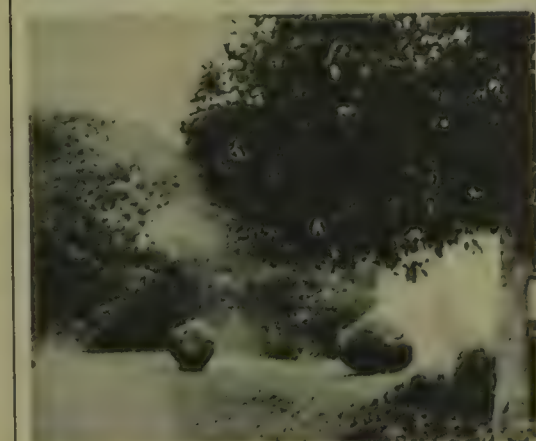
WREATHS OF DENSE SMOKE RISING FROM THE LAVA LAKE OF KILAUEA, WHOSE LAVA-FLOW IS UNCEASING.



PALMS FALLING UNDER THE ATTACK OF THE SEETHING LAVA POURING FROM THE CRATER OF MAUNA-LOA.



A MAELSTROM OF BOILING LAVA IN THE WORLD-FAMOUS 2000-FOOT-WIDE CRATER LAKE OF KILAUEA; "THE PIT OF EVERLASTING FIRE," AS THE NATIVES MOST FITTINGLY CALL IT.



RED-HOT BOULDERS THROWN OUT BY MAUNA-LOA ROLLING DOWN A SLOPE—ONE TO ENCOUNTER A GATE AND THRUST IT OPEN: A SERIES OF CINÉ-PHOTOGRAPHS OF A VERY UNUSUAL INCIDENT.

The peculiarly interesting photographs on this page, which are from a remarkable British Movietone News sound-picture, illustrate an eruption of Mauna-Loa, a 13,675-foot volcanic mountain on the Island of Hawaii, and also activity on the part of Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world, which is on the eastern

slope of Mauna-Loa. Kilauea is over four thousand feet above sea-level, and its crater, which is nine miles round, contains a lake of lava which rises and falls like waves. All the Hawaiian islands are of volcanic origin, and the larger boast some of the chief volcanoes—active and passive—in the world.

"THE PAVLOVA OF THE ICE" AS A MOVING PICTURE:

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE



*These photographs should be "read" in sequence from left to right, beginning at the top left-hand corner and continuing from line to line.

SONJA HENIE, WOMAN ICE-SKATING AMATEUR CHAMPION OF THE WORLD:

The Third Olympic Winter Games will be begun at the village of Lake Placid, New York, on Thursday, February 4, and are to continue until the 13th. Chief among those who will be featured, to use the word so popular with the film industry, will be that fine skater, Miss Sonja Henie, the youthful Norwegian who has been called the Pavlova of the Ice, is the reigning woman amateur ice-skating champion of the world, and will be the favourite in any competition in which she takes part. Miss Henie is well known in this country, where she has given a number of exhibitions of her art. She began to skate when she was eight years old, and has studied under the most famous professors. To watch her is sheer delight. The moving picture does remarkable justice to her skill and her grace, as witness these reproductions from the Pathé Weekly Film, which show admirably and in sequence the daring and rhythm of her movements.

THE NORWEGIAN "STAR" OF LAKE PLACID, N.Y.

PATHÉ WEEKLY FILM.



PHASES OF THE ART OF A "FAVOURITE" FOR THE OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES.

For the rest, it is interesting to recall that her British opponents in the United States will be Miss Megan Taylor, of Manchester, daughter of Phil Taylor, the well-known professional, who is eleven; and Miss Cecilia Colledge, of London, who is twelve. And, by way of comparison, it may be noted that the former has been skating since she was six, and the latter since she was nine. Lake Placid, which is the chief winter-sports centre of the United States, will receive competitors of seventeen nationalities, represented by over three hundred winter-sports champions and star performers. The Norwegian team is the largest group of competitors from Europe. The chief Olympic events to be held there will be ski-ing, speed-skating, figure-skating, hockey, and bobbing, and there will be demonstrations of speed-skating, sledge-dog racing, and curling. The figure-skating events will be held in the new indoor ice arena, which will seat over three thousand spectators.

NEW TREASURE FROM THE CITY OF DEMOSTHENES' "OLYNTHIACS."

FURTHER DISCOVERIES AT OLYNTHUS, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY PHILIP OF MACEDON: THE FIRST CLASSICAL CITY OF A PERIOD BEFORE ALEXANDER TO YIELD FOR EXCAVATION AN INTACT SITE RICH IN WORKS OF ART.—PART II.

By DAVID M. ROBINSON, Professor of Archaeology in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., and Director of the Expedition to Olynthus.
(See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

We continue here Professor David M. Robinson's article on the new discoveries made during his second campaign of excavation at Olynthus. The first instalment appeared in our issue of last week; and the figure numbers on this page and on that opposite follow those attached to the illustrations then given. Reintroducing the subject, we should, perhaps, recall that Olynthus began to play a prominent part in Greek history in 479 B.C., when it was turned over by Xerxes to the Chalcidians and to Critobulus of Terone, and that it was destroyed by Philip of Macedon in August, 348. Its capture opened the way for the Macedonian conquest of Greece.

THE most important rooms of the Olynthian home (usually three) normally face south on to the northern loggia, and in the House of the Comedian (see Fig. 8), we find the chief living-room—distinguished by an excellent mosaic floor (Fig. 13) with a wheel design bordered by a raised cement margin—in this position. The room in the north-east corner had a bay window or low balcony, the first to be discovered in a classical house. West of this room is the bath-room, with a tub still in place; in such a tub one sat (not reclined) while negro slaves (of whom we have found terra-cotta likenesses) poured water over one. Hot water was apparently not used for the bath; Philip of Macedon told one of his officers from Tarentum, when he asked for a hot-water bath, that even the Macedonian ladies bathed in cold water, and did so even after child-birth. Next to the bath-tub is a small square ante-room paved with a mosaic floor which slopes toward a drain to carry off the water from a shower-bath.

In excavating this house we found six large amphoras, forty-six vases (one a large *kylix* influenced by the Parthenon frieze; painted with Victories crowning a warrior in a four-horse chariot), seven lamps, a bronze ring with an engraved design of two heads representing Comedy and Tragedy, ninety-eight loom-weights, eight coins, and twenty-six terra-cotta figurines. Twenty-four of the figurines were found in one room; this must, indeed, have presented the appearance of a miniature art gallery, the delight of some Olynthian matron until Philip's ruthlessness scattered their broken fragments amid the ruins of her home.

The general similarity in plan and construction leads one to believe that the houses were all built about the same time—that is, toward the end of the fifth century—and by one architect. The houses were not numbered, but were named after their owners. One inscription records a deed of sale to the effect that Archidamus had bought a house between those of Pythion and Polyxenus, and that the owner had a year in which to deliver possession. Indeed, we shall have to revise the accepted belief that until the Hellenistic Age the Greeks lived in petty little towns and houses like so many wasps' nests, and had no important domestic architecture.

The Olynthian Woman as Good Housewife.

The Olynthian women must have been capable housewives. They made their own clothing and that of their husbands. Naturally, no cloth was unearthed, because all garments or wooden furniture must long ago have disintegrated owing to the dampness of the soil. But the loom-weights and spools and lamps found in every house testify to the industry of these women; while the beautiful bronze safety-pins and brooches, silver and bronze ear-rings, hat-pins, buckles, necklaces, and other ornaments testify to their delight in presenting an attractive appearance.

The Beautification of the Home.

The Olynthian took pleasure in making his home attractive.

He filled it with an abundance of very charming vases, terra-cotta figurines, and bronzes, and decorated it with well-designed mosaics and gaily plastered walls. Even the knockers on the wooden doors were objects of beauty, taking the form of a bird or of a lion's head (Fig. 10); the most artistic Greek bronze door-knockers ever found.

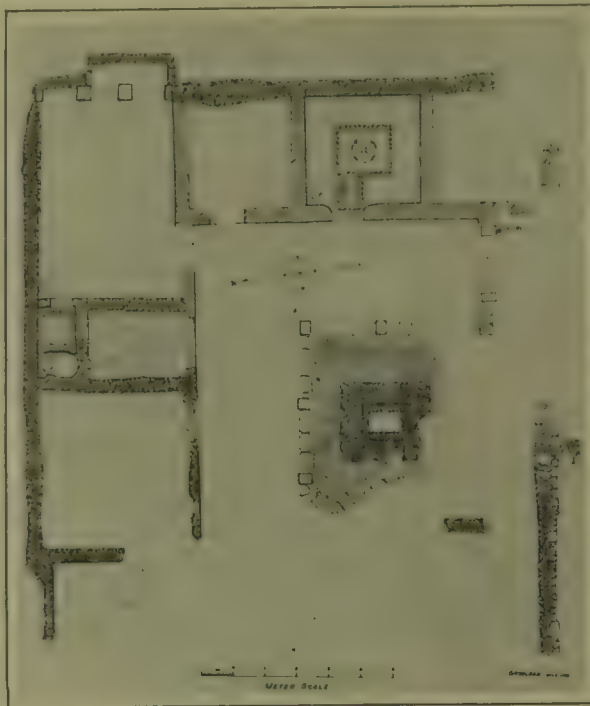


FIG. 8. A PLAN OF THE SO-CALLED "HOUSE OF THE COMEDIAN" AT OLYNTHUS, A LUXURIOUS RESIDENCE DATING FROM ABOUT 400 B.C.—SHOWING THE MULTI-COLOURED PEBBLE MOSAIC PAVING THE IMPLUVIUM OF ITS OPEN COURT (CENTRE); THE CHIEF LIVING-ROOM (BACK), WITH A MOSAIC FLOOR WHICH HAS A WHEEL DESIGN; AND (LEFT) THE BATH-ROOM, WITH A BATH-TUB STILL IN PLACE, AND ITS MOSAIC-FLOORED ANTE-ROOM.

The House of the Comedian, which is so called after a terra-cotta figurine of an actor found in it, a work illustrated in our last issue, dates from about 400 B.C., and is a good example of the more luxurious type of Olynthian home. As this plan shows, the residence, which was about fifty feet square and had, perhaps, ten rooms on the ground-floor and as many in a second storey, was entered through a door opening on to a large open court which had in its centre a mosaic-paved impluvium for catching the rain. The room in the north-east corner had a bay window, or low balcony, the first to be discovered in a classical house. In the bath-room to the west of this, a bath-tub was found in place. "In such a tub one sat (not reclined) while negro slaves poured water over one."



FIG. 9. OLYNTHUS—A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH; SHOWING THE ANCIENT ROAD ON THE SOUTH HILL, THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF THE CITY.

"On the South Hill—evidently the business district of the ancient city—we followed more irregular streets and excavated many one-roomed shops and houses less important architecturally, but also rich in finds. More than twenty deep granaries, excavated in the native conglomerate and containing a new type of sub-Mycenaean native Olynthian pottery, were also cleared in this section."

"Modern" Conveniences.

The practical Olynthian also had an eye to comfort and to "modern" conveniences, such as his bath-rooms with tiled or cement floors and tinted plaster walls. Further, his house was also provided with an efficient drainage system which has withstood the wear and tear of twenty-three centuries. The courts of the houses were all drained, either by terra-cotta pipes or by shallow channels in the pavement which carried the water into the alley-ways. One day last spring the rain was so terrific that excavation had to be stopped. The next morning the floors of the houses were covered with two or three feet of water, but we cleared the ancient drains and in twenty minutes the water had all run off down the alley, and the digging could be resumed.

Finds in Other Areas.

On the South Hill (Fig. 9), which was evidently the business district of the ancient city, we followed more irregular streets and excavated many one-roomed shops and houses less important architecturally, but also rich in finds. More than twenty deep granaries, excavated in the native conglomerate and containing a new type of sub-Mycenaean native Olynthian pottery, were cleared in this section. Two cemeteries were located after a long search, and proved to be of great importance.

The Cemeteries: Coins Found in the Mouth—the Ferryman's Fee.

One of the cemeteries lies nearly half a mile to the east of the site; the other between the North and South Hills above the river. Nearly two hundred graves were opened. We found that inhumation and cremation were practised side by side. The skeletons normally lay at full length with their feet toward the west. Some had been buried in wooden coffins which have entirely disappeared except for rows of bronze nails; a few were interred in stone sarcophagi, and others still in tile-covered graves. In the case of the cremation burials, the bones were often put in plain jars or sometimes in most beautiful figured vases. One (Fig. 16) of these latter is a *hydria* (or water-jar) with an Amazon wearing a short dress who is continuing the fight against two Greeks while her comrade lies dead on the ground beneath. Another vase containing bones is decorated with a representation of Amphitrite and Poseidon.

In the "Riverside Cemetery" we found several graves of children: one contained nearly a hundred knuckle-bones which were used to play a game like "jack-stones." In another child's grave was a bronze rattle (Fig. 14) consisting of a long bronze handle with two discs attached at the end; the discs still turn freely and pebbles inside produce a noise when they are shaken together.

In some graves we found a hen's egg (unbroken), the symbol of resurrection. Bronze strigils, the old skin-scraper "towels," were often found in the left or right hand, and all sorts of terra-cottas. They range from the stiff formality of the standing and seated figurines of the beginning of the fifth century B.C. (Fig. 15) to dignified busts of later in that century (Fig. 17), to plaques made from moulds (Fig. 12), to the freedom and ease of fourth-century dancing figures rivalling those of Tanagra (Fig. 11), and to caricatures such as the Funny Man (a comic figure reproduced last week). Vases and bronze ornaments were found placed about the corpses. One finger-ring bore the inscription that it was a *doron*, or gift. In some twenty cases, four bronze coins were found in the mouth, or near it, to pay Charon his fee for ferrying the dead across the Styx. Generally, in other excavations, only one such coin has been found; but evidently some Olynthians desired to travel *de luxe* on their last ride!

TREASURE-TROVE FROM OLYNTHUS, THE CITY OF DEMOSTHENES' "OLYNTHIACS."



FIG. 10. ONE OF THE MOST ARTISTIC GREEK DOOR-KNOCKERS EVER FOUND: A BRONZE DISCOVERED IN AN OLYNTHIAN HOUSE. (END OF FIFTH CENTURY B.C.)



FIG. 11. A 4TH-CENTURY B.C. FIGURINE OF A DANCING GIRL; FROM THE "RIVERSIDE CEMETERY": A TERRA-COTTA RIVALLING THOSE FROM TANAGRA.

SPOILS FROM THE STRONG CAPITAL RAZED BY PHILIP OF MACEDON IN 348 B.C.



FIG. 12. A MODERN CAST FROM A MOULD OF A HORSE, ONE OF THE NUMEROUS MOULDS FOR TERRA-COTTA PLAQUES WHICH WERE DISCOVERED IN THE GRAVES OF THE IMPORTANT "RIVERSIDE CEMETERY."



FIG. 13. IN THE CHIEF LIVING-ROOM OF THE LUXURIOUS HOUSE OF THE COMEDIAN, WHICH DATES FROM ABOUT 400 B.C.: AN EXCELLENT PEBBLE MOSAIC FLOOR WITH A WHEEL DESIGN; BORDERED BY A RAISED CEMENT MARGIN.



FIG. 14. ORNAMENTS (LEFT): A BRONZE REPTILIAN STYLUS, WITH POINT FOR WRITING AND BLUNT END FOR ERASING (CENTRE); AND A CHILD'S RATTLE—FROM A GRAVE.



FIG. 15. A TERRA-COTTA FROM A GRAVE: A FIGURINE DATING FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE 5TH CENTURY B.C.—WITH HAIR PAINTED RED AND REDDENED LIPS.



FIG. 16. A WATER-JAR FOUND FILLED WITH BONES: A RELIC OF A CREMATION BURIAL FROM "RIVERSIDE CEMETERY"—WITH AMAZONS FIGHTING GREEKS.



FIG. 17. POSSIBLY A REPRESENTATION OF ZEUS: A 5TH-CENTURY B.C. HEAD IN TERRA-COTTA WHICH SHOULD BE COMPARED WITH FIG. 15.

The following notes concern certain of our illustrations. Two cemeteries were discovered and proved to be of great importance. Nearly two hundred graves were opened, and it was found that inhumation and cremation had been practised side by side. In cremation burials the bones were often put in plain jars and at times in beautiful, figured vessels. A *hydria* so used (Fig. 16) shows an Amazon

continuing the fight against two Greeks while her comrade lies dead on the ground. In the "Riverside Cemetery" the finds in the graves of children included pieces for the game of knuckle-bones, and the bronze rattle seen in Fig. 14, a toy "consisting of a long bronze handle with two discs attached at the end; the discs still turn freely, and pebbles inside produce a noise when they are shaken together."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE FIRST AIR-MAIL TO CAPE TOWN:
A GROUP STANDING BY THE AIR-LINER
BEFORE IT LEFT CROYDON.

The first regular air-mail to the Cape left Croydon on January 20, carrying about 20,000 letters and 150 parcels. The passengers were Mr. F. G. L. Bertram, Deputy Director of Civil Aviation; Air-Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, and Lady Vyvyan. Our photograph shows (left to right) Lieut.-Col. J. Barrett-Lennard, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, Lady Vyvyan, Sir George Beharrell, and Major E. Scott Grogan.



THE INVENTOR OF THE BRENNAN DIRIGIBLE
TORPEDO: MR. LOUIS BRENNAN, C.B.—WITH
HIS "MONORAIL" MODEL.

Mr. Louis Brennan, who died at Montreux on January 19, was born in Ireland in 1852, and spent much of his youth in Australia. It was there that he invented the dirigible torpedo which bears his name, a weapon for which, it is said, he received £120,000 from the British Government of 1880. He is here seen some years ago, at the time of his experiments on a monorail locomotive on the gyroscope principle. He also devised a helicopter.



MR. LEO MAXSE.

Died January 22; aged sixty-eight. Bought the "National Review" in 1893, and edited it from then until his death. Consistently denounced the ambitions of Kaiser Wilhelm II. before the war.



DAME BERTHA NEWALL.

Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge, from 1922-1925. Expert in all the Scandinavian languages, student and author in connection with them. Made expeditions to Iceland. Died January 20; aged fifty-four.



AN INDIAN PRINCE AND A FAMOUS OXFORD CRICKETER:
THE INVESTITURE OF THE NAWAB OF PATAUDI.

The Nawab of Pataudi, the famous Oxford cricketer and probable captain of the Indian team to visit England, was recently invested with ruling powers by the Governor of the Punjab, Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, who is seen in our photograph on the Nawab's right. The Nawab went up to Oxford in 1927, and in 1929 created a sensation by scoring 106 and 84 against Cambridge.



SIR ALFRED YARROW, BT., THE DISTINGUISHED
MARINE ENGINEER AND SHIPBUILDER.

Sir Alfred Yarrow, who was famous as a marine engineer and inventor and as founder of a great ship-building firm, died on January 24 at the age of ninety. His chief work was done in the improvement of small vessels for use in shallow waters, and on destroyers and gun-boats. Aviation was his hobby until the end.



HEROES OF A RECORD FLIGHT: THE FRENCH AIRMEN,
MM. CODOS AND ROBIDA.

By arriving at Le Bourget at 3.50 p.m. on January 24, MM. Codos and Robida accomplished the flight from Hanoi, in French Indo-China, in a little more than three days, and beat by over a day the previous record of Captain Costes and M. Bellonte. They made the flight in seven stages; stopping at Calcutta, Karachi, Basra, Athens, Rome, and Marseilles.



MR. LEONARD REES.

Died January 19. Editor of the "Sunday Times" since 1901; and its music critic from 1897 to 1917. Took to journalism after leaving school at Ipswich, and practised it ever since. Born 1856.



MR. LYTTON STRACHEY.

Famous as biographer and historian. Published "Eminent Victorians" in 1918; "Life of Queen Victoria" in 1921; "Elizabeth and Essex" in 1928. Brilliantly combined realism with romance. Died January 21; aged fifty-one.



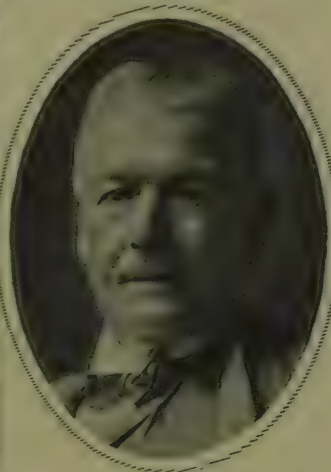
DR. MARION PHILLIPS.

A wonderful organiser, and for thirteen years Chief Woman Officer of the Labour Party. Senior Member for Sunderland in 1929. One of the first women magistrates. Died January 23; aged fifty.



MR. FREKE PALMER.

Died January 20. Well known as a solicitor who could also be a brilliant advocate. Gave valuable evidence before the Royal Commission on Matrimonial Causes in 1911. An expert divorce practitioner. Born 1862.



SIR HERBERT HAMBLING, BT.

Deputy Chairman of Barclays Bank since 1918. Did great public service, especially during the war, and was knighted in 1917. Became a Baronet in 1924. Died suddenly, January 19; aged seventy-four.



Attribution Problems that Confronted the Organisers of the French Art Exhibition at Burlington House:

The vexed question of the
French or English origin
of the celebrated
Wilton Diptych
and the Westminster Abbey
Portrait of Richard II.

THE WILTON DIPTYCH REPRODUCED BY
ARRANGEMENT WITH "APOLLO" MAGAZINE;
THE PORTRAIT OF RICHARD II. BY ARRANGEMENT
WITH THE MEDICI SOCIETY.

SHORTLY before the opening of the French Art Exhibition at Burlington House, the controversy regarding the nationality of the famous Wilton Diptych was revived, in view of its possible inclusion in the exhibition. Writing to the "Times," Mr. R. Henniker-Heaton disputed the arguments in a recent article by M. Paul Jamot, Assistant Director of the Louvre. Recalling that, after the Battle of Poitiers, the painter Girard d'Orléans came to England with the captive King of France, M. Jamot urged that other French painters might have been working in England later, to one of whom he (M. Jamot) would attribute the diptych, on grounds of "French elegance, French colour harmony, and French types of figures." French authorship, both of the diptych and of the portrait of Richard II. from Westminster Abbey (included in the Burlington House exhibition and reproduced here below the diptych), had also been described as "probable" in Mr. W. G. Constable's introduction to his catalogue of the 1923 Exhibition of French Primitives. On the other hand, an English provenance for the diptych is supported by such authorities as Sir Frederic Kenyon

[Continued opposite.



ONCE OWNED BY CHARLES I. AND BOUGHT FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY FOR £90,000: THE WILTON DIPTYCH, REPRESENTING RICHARD II. (BESIDE ST. EDMUND, EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, AND JOHN THE BAPTIST) KNEELING BEFORE THE VIRGIN; SHOWN HERE WITH THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY PORTRAIT OF RICHARD II. (BELOW).

[Continued] and Lord Conway of Alington. Discussing its date, Mr. Henniker-Heaton said it had long been accepted as about 1380, but Miss M. V. Clarke had now proved that the collar of broom cods (*plantagenista*) worn by Richard II. (the kneeling figure in the left panel of the diptych) was a gift from Charles VI of France, and could hardly have been received earlier than 1395, so that the diptych could not have been painted before that year. Rejecting M. Jamot's arguments based on style, Mr. Henniker-Heaton pointed out that the Westminster Chapter House contains evidence of an English school of painting, at the end of the fourteenth century, betraying Italian influence, and suggested that the diptych might have been done by a member of that school, which produced the Chapter House "Doom." He concluded, therefore, that the Trustees of the National Gallery, for which the diptych was acquired two years ago (as noted in our issue of June 22, 1929), might hesitate to acknowledge it as French. A somewhat similar plea for possible English authorship was made (in "Apollo" magazine) by Mr. A. E. Popham, who, moreover, saw a resemblance of style between the diptych and the life-size portrait of Richard II. from Westminster Abbey. Mr. Popham also mentioned that some critics have compared the diptych to Bohemian art in MSS. executed in Prague for the Emperor Wenceslas, and recalled that Richard II. married Anne of Bohemia in 1382. The fact that the portrait of Richard is at Burlington House is in itself an admission of French authorship. The catalogue describes it as "Anonymous, late 14th century." Some authorities attribute it to André (or Andrieu) Beaufeuve (c. 1330—c. 1413). It is the earliest painted portrait of an English Sovereign. The Keeper of the Louvre, M. Jean Guiffrey, has declared his belief that the Wilton Diptych is a French work. It is not included, however, among the Burlington House exhibits.



IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

THE MAN OF FEELING: ROUSSEAU.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU": By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.*

(PUBLISHED BY GOLLANCZ.)

MR. JOSEPHSON'S distinguished and absorbing study of Rousseau will, if we mistake not, win universal acclaim as one of the most notable biographies of recent years. Controversy has surrounded Rousseau since his death, as it did during his life, and it has been impossible for most students of his strange and tragic genius to write without partisanship. A life so chequered, a character so paradoxical, and a philosophy so challenging require the most sympathetic discrimination: and this Mr. Josephson has displayed in a higher degree than most of Rousseau's numerous chroniclers. This contribution is the more welcome because it fills a vacant place on the shelves of English biography. Except Lord Morley's well-known volumes—which, with all their merits, suffer somewhat from the restraints and reticences of the Victorian mode—there is no adequate account of Rousseau's life and work in the English tongue. Mr. Josephson is thorough, scholarly and judicious, but he is also frank: and it is idle to attempt any estimate of this tormented genius, who exposed his own weaknesses to the world as no other man has done, without candour, unstinted but not censorious. Further, the method which Mr. Josephson has adopted is a happy compromise between the old and the new schools of biography: it avoids the outworn, stilted formula of the "official life" without falling into the eccentricities of the impressionistic manner, which keeps us always tantalised between fact and fiction. Add to these characteristics the merits of an even, incisive style (which shows great advance upon the same author's excellent "Zola"), and a discerning presentation of the French eighteenth-century background, and you have a work of high quality and unslackening interest.

Until his middle life it seemed a matter of the merest chance whether Rousseau would ever count in his generation. For nearly forty years, aimless and unprincipled, he lived the life of an intellectual and emotional opportunist. Apprentice, neophyte, lackey, wanderer, music-master, tutor, seminarist, and plain parasite, he took his chance, and chance was extraordinarily indulgent to him; especially when it brought him under the protection of his *maman*, Mme. de Warens. There are black and sinister things in all this early period, and Rousseau was undoubtedly capable of extraordinary moral declensions; but he confessed them to posterity (not without some titillation of his deep-seated masochistic strain) in the bitterness of his last years; and before we judge too harshly, we should remember that most of us, like Hamlet, count ourselves indifferent honest, yet could accuse ourselves of such things that it were better we had never been born. (His own birth Rousseau described as "the first of his misfortunes"!) These obliquities of character are, in any case, irrelevant to Rousseau's place in literature, except as symptoms of a mental and possibly a moral derangement which increasingly affected his outlook. What is more significant in one who was later to become the tutor of Europe's conscience, is that Rousseau remained for so long without chart or compass in the world of ideas and convictions. He was twenty-six before he made any serious attempt to educate himself; he then set about the task of accumulating, intensively and in a brief period, a "storehouse of ideas." The process was too violent, too spasmodic—taken in conjunction with the agitations of his early life—to equip him adequately for the task which, if he did not choose it himself, was unhappily thrust upon him by the peculiar circumstances of his time.

It is not too much to say that he never learned to think. He was incapable of maintaining a thesis consistently and coherently. As pieces of demonstration, both "Emile" and "The Social Contract" are full of the most monstrous assumptions and the most transparent inconsistencies; and in "The Social Contract" especially, whenever his extravagant hypotheses lead him to a crucial problem, he solves the difficulty simply by evading it. But ratiocination was not Rousseau's function, and gives him little title to fame. For the most part, it is passion which has governed human affairs, and it is passion which tingles through all that Rousseau wrote. He was the "man of feeling" of the eighteenth century—perhaps of all prose literature; and he had a marvellous gift of expression with which to communicate his emotion and enkindle others with it. "All of the truth and illumination," writes Mr. Josephson, "that can be demonstrated in him harks back, after all, to his life of feeling. For Rousseau felt more deeply, lived more intensely, surrendered himself more freely, than all others to the immediate experience; he felt the sunrise, the wind, he felt pity,

he felt anger, through an emotional, a sensory mechanism that had an infinitely larger scale than other men's, because he had indulged it so much more. . . . We would be logical, we would rationalise our actions; but there is also a mysterious logic that makes us divided men, and beckons us always to embrace the values of a life of feeling and resist an implacable inward 'censorship.'"

But that "implacable inward censorship" is, in the long run, inexorable and indispensable, and it cannot be repudiated without extreme peril. Insensible to it, Rousseau "removed the inhibitions" of his generation, like heady wine. With "The New Heloise" he released a whole nation's "suppressions" and let loose floods of delicious tears which, too long restrained, now flowed with dangerous facility. French literature was drenched with sentimentality; but, however false and enervating it seems to-day, it was the inevitable reaction against the granitic materialism of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. Again, in "Emile," all Rousseau's melting powers of advocacy assailed the artificiality which stunted the French child's early years, and this gospel perhaps had a more salutary effect, and

too grievous to be borne for ever. It was inevitable that the Man of Feeling should tremble with indignation at the conditions which surrounded and of which he himself was to be the harassed victim; but it would have been better for France and for Europe if in this matter, as in so many others, he had contented himself with feeling. Unfortunately, instead of denouncing injustice and demanding remedy with his own peculiar eloquence, he embarked upon a general theory of society and government. The turning-point of his life, according to his own account, came when he was 37 years old: on the road from Paris to Vincennes a miraculous vision revealed to him the cardinal verity that "man is naturally good and that our social institutions alone have rendered him evil." Some curious psychic crisis of the kind may very probably have occurred, though it is necessary to remember that at the time when he chronicled this experience, Rousseau was undoubtedly subject to hallucinations. At all events, from this time on, Rousseau pursued the figment of the "natural man" and the "state of nature"—one of the most unhappy examples of "a-priorism" in the history of thought. Its first extravagances, which drew from Voltaire the pertinent comment that he felt as if he was expected to go on all fours, Rousseau greatly modified; but the prodigious fallacies which lay at the basis of his political speculation never left him, and led him by uneasy stages to the inextricable muddlement of the Sovereignty of the People, the contract between the one and the many, and the infallibility of the majority. Here was doctrine so nebulous and so contradictory that it confused the minds of men, scrupulous and unscrupulous, for nearly a century to come: some minds it confuses even now; and it was the tragedy of this remarkable man, who could feel straight but could not think straight, that he gave his successors one of the greatest political and intellectual impostures of literature—a formidable instrument of mischief in ignorant or designing hands.

Hence, except for some of the ideas of "Emile," it seems to us that little of Rousseau's doctrine remains as a permanent legacy to posterity; and in this respect he stands in contrast with Montesquieu, a much more disciplined thinker, and to some extent even with Voltaire. Mr. Josephson, however, is not of this opinion, and he puts the contrary view forcibly. The world, he suggests, has turned from the transcendencies which pre-occupied Rousseau to more immediate economic problems. But will this, too, be only a phase? "One feels that the economic-determinist view of human society, whether in Russia or the United States, must be a transitional thing, adjusted to a period of crisis or drastic social change. Once a phase of stability is reached, or immediate technical problems are even on the way to solution—for there have been long periods of relative stability in human history—then a much greater area of interest lies open again. When the cycle of violent industrial transition has run its course, then we may feel obliged to resume our politico-moral speculations where Jean-Jacques left them. An age of veritable culture may reappear, against which the present decades of convulsion will seem utterly barbarous, and to which the development of aesthetic and ethical principle will seem the highest concern of men."

It may be so: it is, indeed, not only possible, but very probable, that the current of men's thoughts will some day turn back again from the aggregate to the individual (who, unless this happens, may be swamped and suffocated); but we find it difficult to believe that for the solution of such problems any inspiration will be drawn from the "politico-moral speculations" of Rousseau.

Yet, however much or however little Rousseau may persuade us, he remains as a tremendous figure in literature and as a man whose life-story, with its extraordinary vicissitudes of defeat and triumph, its contradictions of baseness and nobility, its intense delights and its immeasurable suffering, is of the most seizing interest. There is no aspect of this many-sided man which Mr. Josephson has not striven to understand and to present with vision and sympathy. The story of the last years, when Rousseau's persecution-mania was little if anything short of general derangement, is melancholy indeed: yet the creative faculty remained unimpaired and produced, despite racked body and tortured mind, the most astonishing self-revelation in all literature. The Great Introvert consumed himself to the end, the Man of Feeling felt with every nerve until the quivering was mercifully stilled for ever; and even then his spirit was exorcised from the peace which it had always vainly pursued to lead free sons of Nature to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Well for him that he did not survive in the flesh to experience that last and most shattering disillusionment!

C. K. A.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "PORTRAIT OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR"—BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER.

François Boucher was born in Paris in 1703; and he died in 1770, in the studio allotted to him in the Louvre as First Painter to Louis XV. For many years he was the favourite artist of the King's mistress, Mme. de Pompadour, who helped largely to make his fame and fortune. He painted her portrait on several occasions; besides decorating her château at Bellevue and the Hôtel de l'Arsenal, where she entertained her monarch. The portrait here reproduced is signed and is dated 1758. A larger portrait of Mme. de Pompadour, in precisely the same pose, but seated in her boudoir and wearing a different dress, is in the French Exhibition at Burlington House. The size of the painting shown above is 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 22 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

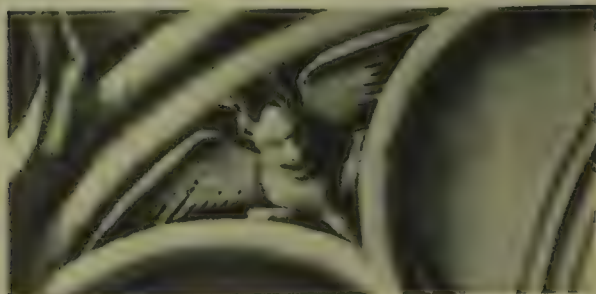
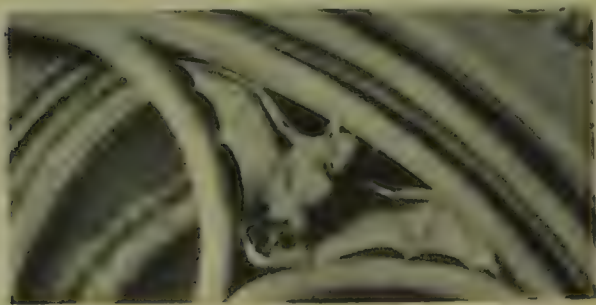
By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

has endured longer, than any other of his doctrines. And finally, in the tremendous, startling generalisations of "The Social Contract," he voiced the gathering passions of resentment which were soon to culminate in national catastrophe. "I hate the Great," cried 'Nature's free son' (who all his life lived under the protection of the Great), "I hate their state, their hardness, their prejudice, their pettiness and all their vices; and I would hate them more, if I despised them less."

And so the Man of Feeling, little suspecting the sequel, gave to Revolution its Bible. It is a distortion of history to ascribe to Rousseau, as has too often been done, either the credit or the discredit of the French Revolution. Unless events lacked all logic, upheaval was quite certain to come, for the *ancien régime* was a system which could not maintain itself indefinitely, and the tyranny of opinion which it enforced was destined before long to reach the limit of human endurance. Justice of some kind man will fight for, and die for, sooner or later, and the social system of France in the eighteenth century was based on injustice

* "Jean-Jacques Rousseau." By Matthew Josephson. (Gollancz; 18s.)

A SATANIST PICTURE? "INFERNAL" DETAILS OF THE "TRIPTYCH OF AIX."



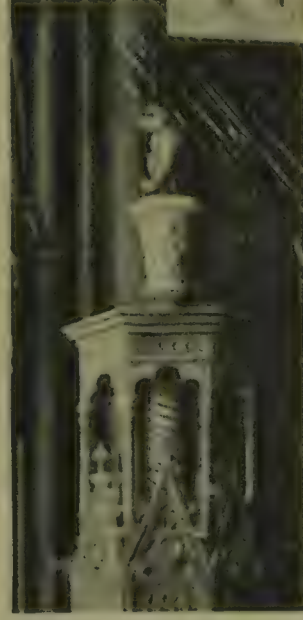
"IN THE GROINING, INSTEAD OF DOVES AND LARKS, FLUTTER BATS AND VAMPIRES": DETAIL OF TWO OF THE POINTS THOUGHT TO INDICATE THAT THE TRIPTYCH OF AIX, A 15TH-CENTURY WORK NOW IN THE FRENCH ART EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, IS SATANISTIC.



"IN THE VASE BESIDE THE LILY STAND THREE EVIL HERBS, BASIL, FOXGLOVE, AND BELLADONNA."



"FROM THE TREFOILS OF THE ARCHES HORNED DEVILS PEEP": ANOTHER "SATANIST" DETAIL.



"THE RAY OF LIGHT EMANATING FROM GOD THE FATHER, BEFORE REACHING MARY, FALLS ON A MONKEY CROUCHING ON THE EDGE OF A LECTERN."

1.
AS our readers will recall, remembering the reproductions in our issue of January 2, the four long-separated parts of the famous fifteenth-century "Triptych of Aix" have been reunited for the second time in recent years, and are at Burlington House. That is interesting enough, but it is not nearly as interesting as the fact that it has been asserted that the work in question shows signs of being by a Satanist painter! A correspondent of the "Times" (since challenged) drew attention to this in a most informative article in that paper last week. "Whence comes the picture?" he asks. "Nobody knows: experts no more than old women. It has always been there. Who painted it? A Satanist who, fearful of the Inquisition and torture, preferred to hide his name." Then he asks: "Did the picture enter the church under the auspices of that Robert Mauvoisin, Archbishop of Aix, who, accused of sorcery and convicted of having celebrated Black Masses with the blood of little children, was condemned at

[Continued in No. 2.]



Avignon by Pope John XXII.? Or was it offered to the parish by Rodrigue de Lune, nephew of the Anti-Pope Benedict XIII., who vowed himself to the devil in order to win Nerto, the most unfortunate of Mistral's heroines? This is quite conceivable. . . . But the dress of the Virgin and Angel . . . fix this mysterious piece of devilry in the fifteenth century. Then is it not possible that it was surreptitiously hung in its niche by the Abbé Gaufridi who, during the minority of Louis XIII., was burnt alive in the Place des Prêcheurs for having convoked a whole Convent of Ursulines to Witches' Sabbaths? . . . And he then continues: "Visitors to Burlington House will be able . . . to get acquainted with the devil . . . They will see the sly minutiae with which the artist, in malefic endeavour, has inverted the objects Christian symbolism reserved for attributes of the divine, and his skill in insinuating hell into every detail while preserving the pious appearance of the picture, as much for his own

[Continued in No. 3.]



"INDUBITABLE SIGN OF SATANIC CONSECRATION": GOD THE FATHER MAKING A MALEFIC GESTURE—ADVANCING THE THUMB BETWEEN THE THIRD AND MIDDLE FINGERS.

DEEMED BY SOME TO BE THE WORK OF A SATANIST PAINTER—PROBABLY AN ECCLESIASTIC: THE "ANNUNCIATION" FROM THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE AT AIX-EN-PROVENCE, WHICH IS SAID TO PRESENT MALEFIC MINUTIAE WHILE PRESERVING PIOUS APPEARANCE.

3.

perverse pleasure as from an instinct of self-preservation. This 'Annunciation,' had he known it, would have captivated Huysmans, for it is a perfect example of one of those æsthetic 'A Rebours' which, if one may believe the great demonologist writer, give to the initiated the *ne plus ultra* of forbidden pleasures, by mingling the bestial and spiritual and marrying the infernal and divine. Here the announcing angel has owl's wings; the ray of light emanating from God the Father, before reaching Mary, falls on a monkey crouching on the edge of a lectern. In the groining, instead of doves and larks, flutter bats and vampires. From the trefoils of the arches horned devils peep. In the vase beside the lily stand three evil herbs, basil, foxglove, and belladonna, and, indubitable sign of Satanic consecration, both God the Father and the angel, instead of raising fingers in the orthodox attitude of benediction, advance the thumb between the third and middle fingers according to the obscene and malefic gesture which Spanish wizards termed *hacer figa*. As already noted, the writer's opinion has been challenged by several experts.



"THE ANNOUNCING ANGEL HAS OWL'S WINGS"—AND, ALSO, IS RAISING THE HAND WITH THE THUMB BETWEEN THE THIRD AND MIDDLE FINGERS.

SATAN IN ART: THE DEVIL PORTRAYED IN CHURCH DECORATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. LANG, AUGSBURG.



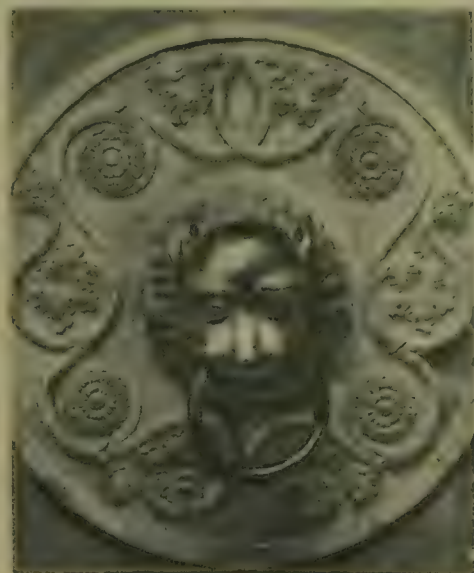
THE DEVIL AS A DOOR-KNOCKER IN AUGSBURG CATHEDRAL: A ROMANESQUE BRONZE HEAD.

ON the opposite page we reproduce a photograph of the famous "Triptych of Aix" and some details from it. This painting has been attributed, in certain quarters at least, to a Satanist painter. The Devil has, of course, been depicted in numberless works of art throughout the Christian era, and in a great many instances representations of him may be found in mediæval places of worship. On this page we illustrate a few very interesting cases in point. "In the Middle Ages," writes Herr Hans Huber, "the Devil was represented as a somewhat comic personage rather than otherwise. On the stage of that period he always got the worst of it in every way, and was made to look ridiculous. The art of the period followed the example of the stage . . . and the Devil was made as ugly and frightening as possible. He appeared either as the Knight with the Cloven Hoof or as a ridiculous buffoon wearing such ugly masks and clothes that he could be immediately recognised as the Prince of Darkness. . . . It is a remarkable fact that he was represented

[Continued opposite.



SATAN AS BEGUILER: "THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY," BY THE MASTER OF KAPPENBERG (1500)—AN ALTAR WING OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. VICTOR IN HAUTEN.

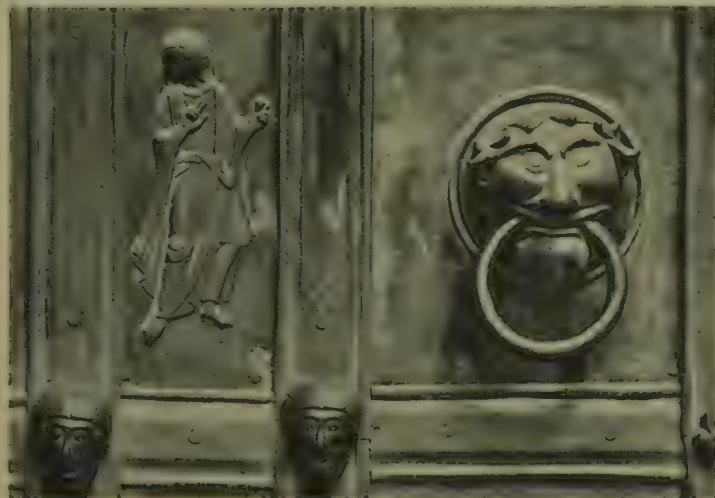


ANOTHER SATANIC DOOR-KNOCKER IN AUGSBURG CATHEDRAL: A ROMANESQUE BRONZE.

Continued.] during the Renaissance period no longer as a buffoon, but as an unhappy fallen angel whose expression is a mixture of pain and despair; and often he figures as a mythological personage under the classical influence of the period." Our photographs show several instances of the Devil vanquished or outwitted—reluctantly aiding the admission of Christians to church, pressed into the holy service of a Saint, or "registering" impotent fury at the salvation of souls from Purgatory. The details of the figure show very considerable variety, but it is never hornless.



A MAGNIFICENT REPRESENTATION OF SATAN COMPELLED TO HOLD A SAINT'S PRAYER-BOOK: "ST. WOLFGANG AND THE DEVIL"—AN ALTAR-PIECE BY MICHAEL PACHER (C. 1435-1498) IN BRIZEN CATHEDRAL, TYROL.



SATAN FORCED AGAINST HIS WILL TO ADMIT PEOPLE TO CHURCH: A DEVIL-KNOCKER ON A BRONZE DOOR-PANEL IN AUGSBURG CATHEDRAL.



WITH A WOLF-HEADED AND DRAGON-FOOTED DEVIL HOVERING ABOVE, AND ATTENDANT FIENDS: "CHRIST IN PURGATORY"—A RELIEF IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE, AUGSBURG.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A GREAT UNKNOWN.

Being an Appreciation of "Jehan Foucquet—Native of Tours," by Trenchard Cox.* By FRANK DAVIS.

OF the very early pictures in the Exhibition at Burlington House, there are two which seem to me to have a peculiar fascination, for while they are still entirely of the Middle Ages in form, they are somehow uncompromisingly modern in sentiment. At first sight the pious treasurer of King Charles VII., with his patron saint—St. Stephen—is one of many not dissimilar donors in a thousand contemporary paintings in France and the Low Countries, and the Virgin, with her jewelled head-dress and jewelled chair, is a familiar figure on a thousand panels (Fig. 1). But one soon realises that the picture of the tired statesman is an extraordinarily sensitive portrait of a man one might meet any day at the Treasury, and that the saint is by no means the typical faintly superior being, but a person of great intelligence, of great refinement, whose charming character is expressed in every curve of his fine head: as for the Virgin, she is a creature reserved, sophisticated, and baffling to a degree. The Child on her lap is heavy and banal, but with this one reservation the picture is admittedly a great masterpiece, with an additional adventitious interest in that tradition says that the model for the Virgin was none other than the famous mistress of Charles VII., Agnes Sorel.

It is fairly safe to assert that for a good many thousand visitors these two extraordinary panels will be their first introduction to the name of the almost forgotten master who painted them, and if—as is

of the King and his Ministers to curb the power of the nobles and reconstitute the finances, especially as the portrait of that strange and forbidding monarch is not the least successful of Foucquet's works. But by no means everyone will agree with me in this admittedly small point of criticism, and the reader will have no possible cause of complaint in the very lively and well-documented chapters on the social and intellectual background of the times.

Tours and its surrounding country are still as charming as they ever were—who can forget either the châteaux or the vineyards of the Loire?—and is it not in Touraine that the people still speak the purest French?—but it is not easy to remember that, after the accession of Louis XI. in 1461, this provincial town became the capital of France. A most vivid account of the delights of the city is given by Francesco Florio, an Italian gentleman who had travelled all over the world, and who found in Tours the ideal place in which to pass his remaining years. "It is to a letter written by Florio, in 1477, to his friend Tarlati, that we have to turn for information. In this piece of friendly correspondence, Florio plunges into a long and laudatory description of the city in which he had decided to live. He praises its delicious climate, its warm winters and perfect summers. The abundant harvests and the gracious Touraine wines delight him, and he remarks that here Ceres reigns with Bacchus in perfect harmony. The wines, he says, neither clog the blood with their heaviness nor dry the taste with their acidity. He was an intense admirer of Tours' architectural beauty, with its undulating girdle of gilded ramparts and castellated turrets; its towers, steeples, narrow streets and coloured roofs; its many churches and palatial buildings. He rhapsodises over the Cathedral, calling it 'a beautiful church, joyous and faultless, and so well proportioned in all its parts that the mere sight of it, from within or without, turns sorrow into happiness and sadness into joy.'

"Florio's enthusiasm included a firm liking for all the inhabitants of Tours. He admired the *belle santé* of the French and especially of the Tourangeaux: he observed, too, that they lived to a good, healthy old age, particularly as compared with the Italians, who rapidly became wrinkled, ill and uncontrolled in body and mind. The politeness of the French people seemed to Florio to equal its reputation, and he could not speak too highly of the women, whom he considered noble, refined, modest, and beautifully gowned. His friends were mostly made in learned circles, and the majority of his evenings were passed in quiet talk with the Canon of St. Gatien, a man 'as godly in manners as he was sound in scholarship.'"

Here, then, is the scene upon which walks Jean Foucquet, to strut his little hour and be admired of all men—for there is no question of his reputation among his contemporaries—and then to fall into complete nothingness—a lack of appreciation

so profound that when, in 1838, the portrait of Charles VII. was acquired for the Musée de Versailles, it was catalogued as "Greek work." It was as if we had forgotten all about Geoffrey Chaucer until halfway through the nineteenth century. It is scarcely necessary to point out that there is to-day no lack of appreciation of the quality of a man who can take his place among the greatest of the painters of his time, whether Flemish or Italian, and the steps by which his authentic work has been definitely separated from the considerable mass of similar but lesser material that has come down to us are all set forth in this book. It is as well to point out that, until the present Exhibition, a study of the work of Foucquet would have involved a journey to Antwerp, to Berlin, to Chantilly, and to the Louvre at the least—as it is, one can see his most important paintings and miniatures and drawings during a single morning at Burlington House, including Vol. I. of the illustrated Josephus, eleven miniatures of which are by Jean Foucquet. The second volume had a romantic history. It was thought to be lost, but turned up, much mutilated, at a sale in London in 1903. The missing miniatures were found at Windsor Castle in 1905. Mr. Yates Thompson, the owner of the MS., offered

it to King Edward VII., who had the missing miniatures replaced and presented the volume to the French Republic, to join its first volume after 400 years.

Not the least of this book's virtues are its fifty-one excellent colotype illustrations.



1. A FOUCQUET PAINTING WHICH HAS ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION IN THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ANGELS—FORMING THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL OF THE "DIPTYCH OF MELUN."

The writer of our article notes: "The picture is admittedly a masterpiece, with an additional adventitious interest in that tradition says that the model for the Virgin was none other than the famous mistress of Charles VII., Agnes Sorel." It belongs to the Musée Royal des Beaux-Arts, Antwerp.

Photographs from Illustrations in "Jehan Foucquet, Native of Tours," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber, Ltd.

highly probable—their intellectual curiosity is quickened at the same time, this learned and admirable book will be exactly what they are looking for.

When they have read to the last page, the man Foucquet will still be an enigma, but the artist will have emerged from the strange welter of luxury and intrigue that was Court life in fifteenth-century France. Perhaps in one point the author might have made a little more concession to our ignorance: he might have explained more fully the desperate state of the country during the English invasions until long after the martyrdom of the Maid at Rouen, and he might have said a little more about the efforts

* "Jehan Foucquet—Native of Tours." By Trenchard Cox. (Faber and Faber, Ltd.: 21s.)



2. "THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN": A MINIATURE FROM THE "HOURS OF ÉTIENNE CHEVALIER," IN WHICH FOUCQUET HAS GIVEN HIS SUBJECT A RENAISSANCE INSTEAD OF A GOTHIC BACKGROUND, WITH CORINTHIAN PILLARS AND ITALIANATE FLUTED COLUMNS.

Mr. Trenchard Cox, in the work which is reviewed on this page, writes of the miniatures from the "Hours of Étienne Chevalier": "There is indeed no actual proof that Foucquet painted these or any other miniatures for Étienne Chevalier. . . . But all scholars now agree that the connection of Jehan Foucquet with the Chevalier Hours is so likely as to be almost an established fact, and that the doubts which certain *lacunæ* of evidence must excite can justifiably be waived."



3. A FAMOUS FOUCQUET PORTRAIT IN THE LOUVRE, WHICH SHOWS CLEAR TRACES OF ITALIAN INFLUENCE: JOUVENEL DES URSINS, CHANCELLOR OF KING CHARLES VII. OF FRANCE.

Writing of this portrait, Mr. Trenchard Cox says: "Here the background is a joyous riot of gilding in which Corinthian columns surmounted by escutcheoned capitals clearly tell the tale of Foucquet's Italian experience."

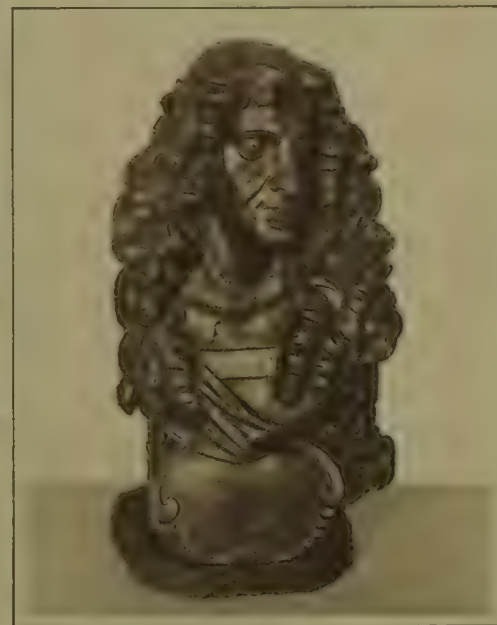
"THE AGE OF CHARLES II": TREASURES OF THE EXHIBITION IN GROSVENOR PLACE.



A CARVED SEMI-STATE CHAIR.

A LACQUER STOOL.
Lent by Nigel Stopford-Sackville, Esq.

A BLACK AND SILVER CHAIR.

THE TABARD OF A GARTER KING OF ARMS.
Lent by W. F. S. Dugdale, Esq.AN EBONY AND SILVER TABLE.
Lent by Nigel Stopford-Sackville, Esq.AN ARQUEBUSIER'S BADGE IN SILVER.
Lent by the Archæological Society of Bruges.A SELF-PORTRAIT PASTEL OF SIR PETER LEVY.
Lent by Hugh M. Lely, Esq."CHARLES II. AND SIR JOHN COTTON ON NEWMARKET HEATH."
Lent by J. J. Antrobus, Esq."THE ARRIVAL OF CHARLES II. AT DOVER, 25TH MAY, 1660"—
BY WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE.—*Lent by Major E. Christie-Miller.*A BUST OF CHARLES II. BY GRINLING GIBBONS.
Lent by Sir Buckston Browne.

"The Age of Charles II."—the latest "period" loan exhibition—deserves the success that attended such kindred shows as the "Georgian Exhibition" and the exhibition of "Conversation Pieces," to name but two examples which are still fresh in the memory. The Age of Charles II. and the Restoration keeps its romantic charm; and authors, essayists, playwrights, and even writers of film scenarios, continue to take advantage of an era filled with attractive personalities, and illuminated in a unique way by the wit and archness of Grammont, the refinement of Evelyn, and the shrewdness of that "human," all too human figure, Samuel Pepys. The present exhibition has been organised to aid the Young Women's Christian Association at 22, Grosvenor Place, and H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, arranged to open it on January 28. It includes many portraits and prints, as well as a number of personal relics—Mr. Pepys's gaming board and Nell Gwynne's mirror should be mentioned among the latter. The semi-state chair

seen illustrated here, we may note, was lent by Captain N. R. Colville. Those who recall our double-page colour reproduction (in August 1929) of the remarkable seapiece by Van de Velde the Younger, showing Charles II. sailing his yacht "Cleveland" against the Duke of York's "Henrietta" will be interested to learn that that picture figures in the present exhibition; besides the work by William Van de Velde the Elder of the "Arrival of Charles II. at Dover, 25th May, 1660," which we have chosen for illustration here. Grinling Gibbons, most will know, was discovered by John Evelyn the diarist, and by his influence was brought to the notice of King Charles and the wealthy patrons of the day. Gibbons was of Dutch extraction, and has hardly ever been equalled for the meticulous curiosity of his execution. For that reason, his portrait-bust of the King may be studied as a singularly trustworthy likeness by anyone drawn to the baffling personality of the warm-hearted royal rake-amateur-chemist and statesman.

THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY IN AFRICA.

COMMENCING at Lobito Bay, on the west coast of Africa, the Benguela Railway traverses the Portuguese Colony of Angola, and an extension built from the Angola Congo Frontier to Ntenke on the Katanga Railways system, makes it now possible to cross Africa by rail from West to East, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean at Beira, without



THE OPENING-UP OF THE HEART OF AFRICA BY THE BENGUELA RAILWAY: A FINE MOTOR-ROAD—TYPICAL OF MANY BUILT AS FEEDERS TO THE RAILWAY. The journey from Elisabethville, in the heart of Central Africa, to Lobito Bay, on the Atlantic Ocean takes three days by the Benguela Railway. The mail trains, which include sleeping- and restaurant-cars (built in Birmingham), run every Saturday, and also at regular intervals of twelve days in connection with the mail steamships to Europe.

change of coach. The conception of the Benguela Railway and the development of the harbour of Lobito Bay emanates from a Scotsman, Sir Robert Williams, who first discovered the copper fields of Northern Rhodesia and realised the true value of the vast copper deposits in Katanga. Wherever railways have pushed their way into uncivilised regions, the development of the surrounding country has followed rapidly in their trail. Angola has proved no exception to this rule. The whole district served by the Benguela Railway has considerably developed, and there have sprung up important trading centres at Cuma, Lepi, Vila Robert Williams (the town named after Sir Robert), Nova Lisboa, Bela Vista, Chinguar, Catabola, and Vila General Machado.

Geographically, the superiority of the Benguela route as a means of penetrating the heart of Africa is apparent; commercially, the advantage of placing products at an Atlantic port by the shortest and quickest route is obvious. This advantage lies not only in the saving of time and travel to passengers, but also in the substantial reduction of freight and insurance rates due to the saving in mileage for the transport of goods. Already 3000 to 4000 tons of copper ingots and matte are being despatched monthly by the Lobito route, and the Benguela Railway management is contemplating the importation of Welsh coal. The first load of copper was shipped from



THE RICH RESOURCES TAPPED BY THE BENGUELA RAILWAY: COPPER INGOTS FROM KATANGA AWAITING SHIPMENT AT LOBITO BAY.

Lobito on June 28 to Antwerp, and regular bi-monthly shipments have since been arranged.

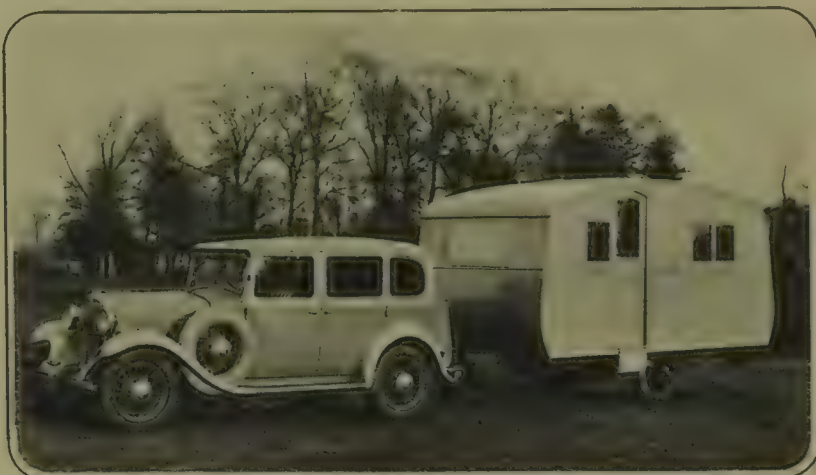
No country in the world is so fortified by Nature against the inroads of the white man and his mechanism as Africa, and no country in the world has presented transport difficulties more immense. Thousands of square miles of jungle, mighty rivers, huge inland seas, great mountain ranges, arid plains, severe climatic conditions, millions of unskilled natives speaking unknown languages, wild animal life, and deadly disease are the fortifications. The Benguela Railway has already played an important part in this work of development by the construction of 840 miles of railway across a country which, until recently, but few Europeans had traversed; a railway which climbs to an altitude of 6000 feet above sea-level, spanning mountains and virgin plains already showing the promise of a future of intense cultivation.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

"IS motoring in Great Britain more popular?" was the question asked me by a visitor from abroad recently. My reply was "Yes," and the official returns issued monthly by the Ministry of Transport confirm this as regards vehicles. Unfortunately, no one can deny that compulsory third-party insurance has caused a great diminution of those using motor-cycles. Outside of that class of motorists, each month adds to the total of road-users. The official motoring year of the Ministry of Transport in its statistical department runs from Dec. 1 to Nov. 30. For the year ending Nov. 30, 1930, the total number of driving licences issued was approximately 2,810,000, and the total number of vehicles with licences current at that date (Nov. 30) was 1,969,649, including 508,241 motor-cycles.

But in November each year there are always a certain number of vehicles—hackney carriages, and the like—which do not have their road licences renewed by their owners after September. So while it may appear that there were nearly one million more drivers than motors by the figures above, one must take the official return for the vehicles with licences on Aug. 31 to reveal the largest



THE FIRST TIME A MOTOR-CAR TOWING A CARAVAN HAS COMPETED IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MR. D. H. NOBLE'S HILLMAN "WIZARD" WITH AN ECCLES CARAVAN.

With equipment and baggage, the extra load is given as nearly a ton, and there are five passengers. The distance to be covered was 1847 miles at an average speed (including all stops) of about 25 m.p.h.

total of motors running on the roads of Great Britain in 1930. At that date, 2,251,142 vehicle road licences were in use, including 698,878 motor-cycles. Driving licences are issued valid for twelve months, while vehicles can be licensed by the quarter of the year.

With the figures before us, it is possible to compare the progress made during the year ending Nov. 30, 1931. Actually, there were 72,000 less driving licences issued from Dec. 1, 1930, to Nov. 30, 1931 than the previous year, as the total was 2,738,000 as compared with 2,810,000. But it was the motor-cyclists, not the vehicle-drivers, who reduced the total. Motor-cycles licensed in that period at August 1931, were 603,728 as compared with 698,878 at August 1930, a drop of 95,150 machines as against a reduction of 72,000 driving licences. Also, as a definite proof of more motoring, the number of vehicle licences of all classes, excluding motor-cycles, totalled 1,554,349 motors on the roads in 1931 as compared with 1,518,731 vehicles in 1930, roughly an increase of 36,000 cars and goods vehicles.

For the benefit of those who take interest in these records, I should add that on November 30, 1931, the total number of vehicle licences current at that date was 1,949,471. These included 977,800 cars as compared with 959,353 cars in 1930; 468,685 motor-cycles as compared with 508,241 in 1930; 352,493 motor goods vehicles as compared with 340,545 in 1930; and 74,325 hackney



SEEING OLD-WORLD SWITZERLAND WITH THE MAXIMUM OF COMFORT: AN ENGLISHMAN DRIVING HIS ROLLS-ROYCE DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF A LITTLE VILLAGE IN ONE OF THE ITALIAN CANTONS.

carriages as compared with 83,177 hackneys in 1930 at this date—Nov. 30. In fact, had not there been the great abstinence of the cyclists and the pleasure coaches in a very wet summer, the increase last year would have been quite normal, notwithstanding the world's severe financial crisis. [Continued overleaf.]



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Continued.]

Duke of Connaught Patron of Rally. The Royal Automobile Club has been informed that the Duke of Connaught has graciously consented to give his patronage to the Motor Rally which the Club is organising on March 1 to March 5, finishing at Torquay. Perhaps if he is fit and still at Sidmouth the Duke will extend his kindness and present the prizes to the winners. It is seldom safe to prophesy in motor matters, but this Rally should attract about 180 competitors, judging by the number already entered for the event. At the moment, London is the starting-point for some fifty competitors, and leads the other eight starting-points in the matter of popularity of choice. Also, already a number of women have entered, so that there will be keen competition for the ladies' prize. It is also raising a number of interesting questions to which every competitor will be pleased to know the answer. Thus, fluid fly-wheels and pre-selector gear-boxes are eligible. Zigzagging is not permitted in the slow-running test. Neither may ballast be carried in substitution for passengers. Damaged wings, cracked windows, etc., if recorded in a competitor's route book at the starting-control, will not be penalised at the final inspection. In other words, if you start with a cracked screen or a dent in a wing, see that it is specified in the description of the car in the book before it is signed at the starting-point. Competitors cannot check in at any control until it is officially open at the time stated in the rules. There is no penalty, however, for arriving at a control before it is open. As competitors will have practically 1000 miles to run in 40 hours, there will be little time to waste. The Club has fixed on all the controls on the various routes to be at hotels for that reason. The proprietors of all these hostels are making special arrangements for competitors, including the provision of hot drinks, sandwiches, etc., at night stops, and in many cases are quoting reduced prices for meals, baths, and bed-room accommodation.

Standard "Nine" Junior Car Class. The new 1932 Standard "Little Nine" is now eligible for the small-car class for members of the Automobile Association subscription, at an entrance fee of half a guinea, and an annual subscription of one guinea only. This is because the A.A. have increased the permissible cylinder capacity from

1000 c.c. to 1050 c.c. specially to accommodate owners of the Standard "Little Nine" who wished to join this popular organisation. I am informed by my friends in the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., that such owners have to thank their agent, Messrs. Paragon Motor Co., Ltd., of Oldham, for the original suggestion to the A.A. to make that increase. I suppose it was a sort of New Year's greeting to the new year and motorist. It is a nice little car and wonderfully "nippy" on the road. In the December number of the Standard Company's monthly house journal, there was a quotation from the Press of 1903 from a Standard car-owner who travelled "sixty miles in an afternoon—a mere bagatelle, my dear Sir." To-day, any one of the Standard models can travel sixty miles in an hour—if the road is clear of traffic to permit it. Small-car owners will therefore take note that reduced subscriptions are accepted by the A.A. for cars of under 1100-c.c. cylinder capacity.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

WITH their unrivalled range of orchestras of all types "His Master's Voice" have searched the world to provide records of the newest dances for the present season, and now offer a wide choice for service in the home or the ball-room. A splendid half-crown's worth is provided by Ambrose and his orchestra dealing with "Eleven more months and ten more days," which everyone is trying to sing. This jingle, with its musical comicalities, vocal refrain of snatches of songs and jokes of the gaol-bird, makes an irresistible one-step. It was inevitable that there should be "More Rhymes," and the edition up to date is supplied by Ambrose, whose men carry on the craze for cute limerick lines. Another Ambrose, "Carry on," is not only a fine one-step, but the phrasing of the vocal refrain is a tonic message to make worries fade away.

Invented, composed, and written by members of the staff of the Gramophone Company, and played by Ray Noble's New Mayfair Orchestra, "Resolutions for 1932" is a cheery fox-trot with humorous verses on one's conduct during the coming months. On the other side of the disc Ray Noble has a fox-trot, "Running round the trees," a sprightly air which inspires listeners to vigorous exercise. Paul Whiteman

brings his orchestra back to "His Master's Voice" with "A faded summer flower"; a partner to this is "Let's drift away on dreamer's bay," played by Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Band. That renowned Swedish conductor, Teddy Petersen, makes his British début with his orchestra in a melodious one-step, "Rio de Janeiro." Three other fox-trots come from The Troubadours in "I idolise my baby's eyes," Leo Reisman's musicians with "To-night or never," and Gus Arnheim's Coconut Grove Boys in "There's nothing too good for my baby."

Of the many charming pieces in the film "Congress Dances," the beer-garden ballad, "Live, laugh, and love," captivated all hearers, and Marek Weber with orchestra has recorded this number to the singing of Paul Horbiger. "Just once for all time," also from this tuneful film, is exquisitely sung by Irene Eisinger, a star of the Berlin State Opera, and the effect is heightened by choruses of children and students. By way of a rest between dances listen with delight to Gracie Fields, disguised as a giggling, affected woman in "Down at our charity bazaar," a very diverting acting study on fresh lines for our great comédienne. With this she couples "The song of the highway," in which she suggests the sheer joy of living far from the troubles of town.

Any steps that have been or may be taken in the direction of naval disarmament in no way lessen the value and importance of that admirable annual, "Jane's Fighting Ships." The edition of 1931, the thirty-fifth year of issue, edited by Oscar Parkes, O.B.E., and published by Sampson Low at 42s., fully maintains the very high standard of previous years. As is rightly observed in a foreword by the publishers, "interest in a new design does not depend upon the number of ships to be built to it," and this is a time when new designs in war-ship construction are perforce engaging the attention of the Governments of the world rather than attempts to increase the quantity of output. This year's "Fighting Ships" has been able to do full justice to the very interesting developments of 1931, is beautifully got up, presents even the minutest details in an assimilable form, and is of equal value as a pictorial record and reference book.

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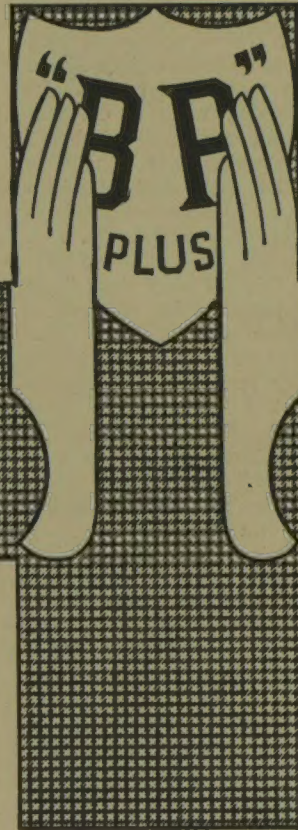
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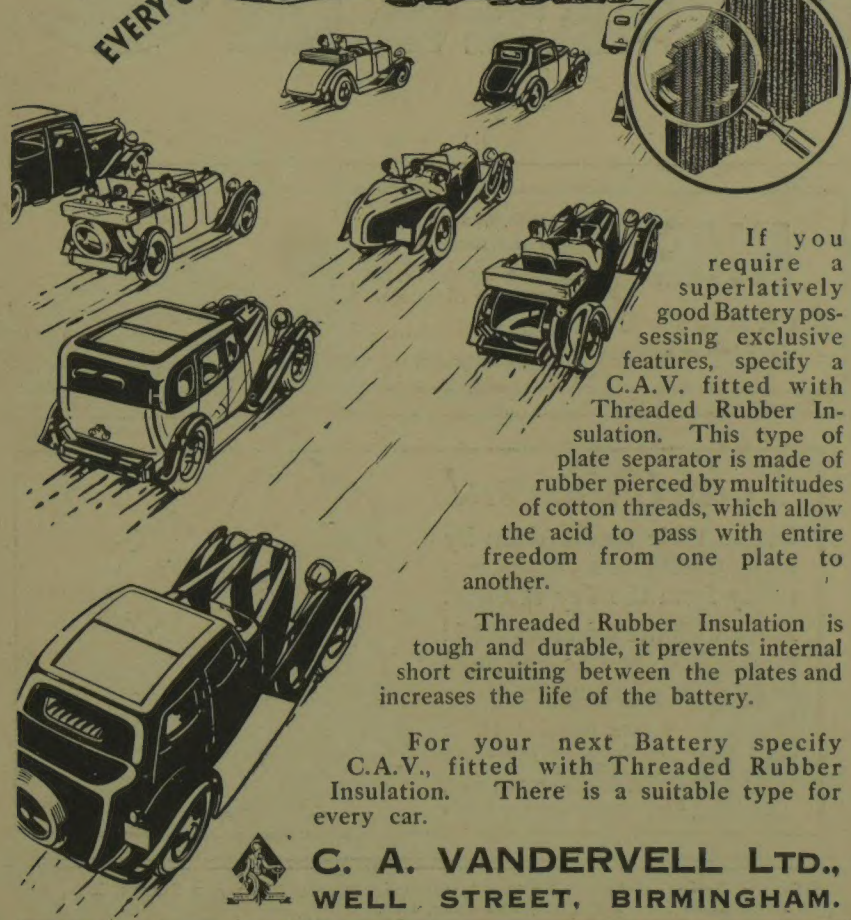
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

WHAT'S IN A WALTZ.

THE last Courtauld-Sargent concert at the Queen's Hall was devoted to a pianoforte recital by Artur Schnabel. If this truly great pianist has a peer among living virtuosos, I have not heard him, and the very nature of his programmes gives him a place apart among famous pianists, for who else dares to perform such exacting works? On this occasion Mr. Schnabel's recital consisted of Schubert's beautiful but rarely heard posthumous Sonata in B major, Op. 147, Mozart's early and exquisite Sonata in D Major (K. 311), and Beethoven's Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz of Diabelli, Op. 120. As Mr. Saerchinger, who wrote the admirable programme note, remarks, the Diabelli Variations "are the last, the longest, and perhaps the greatest of Beethoven's major pianoforte works. They take not less than fifty-three minutes to play, without a break. They exact not only exceptional ability on the part of the performer, but a more than usual amount of intelligent concentration on the part of the listener." The famous Hans von Bülow said of this composition, that it was "a perfect microcosm of Beethoven's genius, an image indeed, an abstract and epitome of the whole world of music."

Those who are pessimistic about our musical standards ought to have seen the Queen's Hall packed to the doors, with every seat on the orchestra platform occupied, by an audience which listened almost breathlessly to this extraordinarily exacting programme. And what Beethoven does with this trivial waltz is miraculous. His very first variation brushes it off the map of music with a majestic gesture, and then he proceeds to use its material in a series of musical structures, all bound together in the subtlest way. One of the most remarkable features of this work is the way the interest increases as it goes on. There is a steady accumulation of significance until the twentieth variation; from this point to the twenty-fourth variation our interest is dramatically intensified, and then, from the Fughetta to the wonderful finale in *tempo di minuetto moderato*, we are taken by Beethoven into a region of the sublimest and most rarefied art. At the end of this work,

when played with the purity and power of Artur Schnabel, we feel that we have been through a really marvellous experience. This is not mere pianoforte playing, this is musicianship at its greatest height.

A WAGNER EVENING AT THE B.B.C.

Mr. Adrian Boult, who conducted the Symphony Concert of the B.B.C. at the Queen's Hall, put the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the "Siegfried Idyll" in the first part of the programme, and the second half was occupied by the whole of the third act of "Siegfried." The third act of "Siegfried" is one of the show-pieces of the "Ring," and it is interesting to compare its performance as a concert-piece with its effect on the stage as part of the opera. Personally, I think that Wagner's music loses very little, if at all, by its transference to the concert platform. Of course, we are not accustomed to very convincing stage settings of the "Ring." Certainly it has never been done at Covent Garden to the visual satisfaction of all concerned. The scenic difficulties of the dragon, Valhalla, the giants, the Rhine-maidens, etc., are notoriously so great as to be the despair of producers.

Some scenic artist and producer of genius may one day succeed not only in surmounting all these difficulties, but turn them to magical effect. In the meantime, many of us are as well content to hear the third act of "Siegfried" at the Queen's Hall as at Covent Garden, especially as Wagner himself gave the advice at Bayreuth to his friends that they should not bother overmuch about what was going on upon the stage, but even close their eyes and concentrate on the music. The soloists on this occasion were Helene Wildbrunn, who took the part of Brünnhilde, Enid Cruikshank as Erda, Robert Parker as The Wanderer, and Walter Widdop as Siegfried. It was an admirable cast, and the orchestra, under Adrian Boult, played its part with magnificent effect.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.

The International Society for Contemporary Music will hold its general festival this year at Vienna, in June. The President of the Society is Professor Edward J. Dent, of Cambridge, and among the works by British musicians representing this country

which are to be performed at the Festival this year are a Quintet for Oboe and Strings by Arthur Bliss, and a Sonata for Viola and Pianoforte by Walter Leigh. Among the foreign compositions selected by the jury is a Prelude for a Greek Tragedy in quarter-tone system by a Czecho-Slovakian composer, Miroslav Ponc. I am afraid quarter-tones will add many new horrors to the life of a music critic.

W. J. TURNER.

"WHILE PARENTS SLEEP," AT THE ROYALTY.

FOR a retired Colonel of the 2nd Wiltshires, Sir Nigel Playfair's Colonel Hammond was a particularly prim, not to say priggish, person. Neither did Miss Mary Hinton's Mrs. Hammond suggest a mother with one son in the Guards and the other in the Navy. However, the author wanted them so, and so they were. The two sons, home on leave, request permission to put up their respective dancing partners for the night. Neville, of the Guards, arrived with Lady Catterling, a very modern young matron, as was seen in the second act, when, in the early hours of the morning, she removed her frock and displayed herself, for Neville's enticement, in her cami-knickers. Jerry, the more breezy of the two brothers, arrived with a young lady from Brixton whom he had picked up at a Palais de Danse. This young person, Bubbles Thompson, though common, was strictly proper; she never forgot she had a boy of her own at Brixton, and she was shocked to screaming point when she saw Lady Catterling in her "undies." An amiable "Nanny" somewhat saved the situation by alleging she had removed Lady Catterling's frock as something had been spilled over it. But Colonel Hammond thought the lady would be detrimental to his son, and so advised his return to his Brigade, instead of becoming the husband's A.D.C., as he had hoped. That is the extent of the plot. The writing, however, is so breezy and amusing that playgoers who are not easily shocked by the occasional coarseness of the language can be assured of a most enjoyable evening at the Royalty. Mr. Jack Hawkins made a rollicking sailorman, and Miss Diana Beaumont an amusing Cockney.

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